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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1846. JOHN H. MORISON, EDITOR.

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PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

The following excellent remarks by one whom we all respect are copied from the Christian Inquirer, the new Unitarian paper in New York. They are full of wise thoughts and deep feelings, expressed with all the fervent beauty which belong to Dr. Dewey's writings. If we were disposed to except to any part, it would be to what is said of prayer. "I had rather," it is said, "rely upon goodness for prayer, than upon prayer for goodness. The pure prayer is the incense breathing from a life. In turn it blesses that life, and makes it fragrant with sanctity and love." The passage is so exceedingly beautiful that copying it has almost disarmed our criticism. But does it allow quite enough of efficacy to prayer as a help to holy living? "I would rather rely upon goodness for prayer"—yes, but how shall I *be* good? Do we not at the very outset, need the divine aid which comes in answer to prayer?—The influence is indeed reciprocal, our lives must act on our devotions and our devotions react upon our lives. That is not true prayer which stops when the words are uttered, and that must be an imperfect life which is not, through constant prayer, fed from the infinite fountain of life and love. Is not the action of the divine spirit on our hearts in prayer the most constant and enriching cause of holy thoughts and warm affections and benevolent deeds! But we have no doubt that the writer in the Inquirer will admit all this; and fear that we may seem captious.

"It was made an occasion of great interest by the spirit that pervaded it, the spirit of truth-seeking and kindness; and by a manliness, freedom and eloquence of discussion which have now become so much a matter of course in these Conventions, that one is relieved from all anxiety about their success, and the good that will attend them. I must frankly say, that I never expected to see assemblies of Christian Ministers and men, in which there would be such expressions of original and self-wrought conviction; so much that is genuine and true, and so little that is conventional and commonplace, such speaking out from them of the individual mind, without fear of reproach or hope of favor from any body; and altogether such simplicity, earnestness and power of utterance. To me it is unspeakably refreshing to witness this perfect freedom. Difference of opinion is not checked, but welcomed; and it is always found to be tending to the elucidation of truth, and in fact to harmony of views.

In this way, these Conventions must be of the greatest service to the Clergy, and to all others who take the lead in forming public opinion; and on this account, I think it was very justly maintained by one of the members, that they ought generally to be held in places where the greatest number of the clergy and of the laymen most interested are likely to attend them. Applications are coming from all quarters, and especially from distant places, for these Conventions to be held in them. I sympathize with the feelings of the applicants; but the object really is *not* to support or encourage distant congregations, but to gather up the intensest life in the whole body, and in the very heart. The individual applicants doubtless are in earnest, and will attend Convention when it is held in their respective places; but the fact is, that in New York, in Philadelphia, and in Baltimore, not ten *men* in the congregations will *attend* our debates. There is this deplorable feeling about religious interests—that they are unreal. Let the meeting be about a tariff, or a mercantile or political question, and men enough will attend. A man asked me in Philadelphia, "what this Convention was met for?" My answer was—"*for nothing:* according to men's ordinary ideas, *for nothing:* according to all worldly ideas, *for nothing; for nothing*, if there is nothing in the world but what is seen and temporal." But if there is something lying beneath all the forms, and shows, and interests of this world; if there is an invisible foundation on which this superstructure of life is erected, then would I go farther, and would spend more time, to search out that invisible basis of all welfare, than to discuss all the visible interests in the world.

But I must proceed as I proposed, to speak of some of the matters agitated in the Convention. And I may observe that both the invisible foundation and the visible superstructure were recognized in these rational and earnest debates. And it was striking to observe how the debaters were constantly led from the one to the other.—If the inquiry was about moral evils, crushing poverty, squalid vice in our cities, moral degradation every where; then the question arose—how are we to relieve society from these evils? That led to the basis. Some spoke, and well spoke of making our religion a reality; others of "the Ministry at large;" and others still, of devotion, of prayer. "Ay, but," I said to myself, "there is a little knot of difficulty behind all this. *This terrible selfishness of our hearts*—how shall we get rid of that? Rid men of that; rid the so-called *good men* of that; put love into the heart; make men as willing, as ready, as delighted to do an act of justice and philanthropy as they are now to do what is wrong and selfish; and the evils and miseries of society will disappear like mists before the morning sun." One spoke in the close of the Convention with exceeding earnestness, of the love of God, or rather of devotion, of prayer, as our great resource; as the lever that was to lift the world. But again a question arose in my mind, in this wise: "Yes, we pray to be good; but are we *willing* to be good? We pray to be pure; philanthropic and wise; but are we *willing* to be pure, philanthropic and wise? Carry this question around to every heart in a worshipping congregation, and would it not bring out some terrible revelations! If we are *not* willing—and that *is* the great difficulty—then there is something to be done besides praying; and that is, to meditate, to think deeply, to fix attention upon that which is good, to make effort, to practise well doing at every moment that the opportunity offers; and it offers at every moment. It is not to help the poor only, or to tend the sick, or to relieve the miserable, but it is to carry a loving heart every where. This loving heart is the thing. And now this love, God no more truly demands for himself than for our neighbor. Is it not dangerous and irrational then to lay such exclusive stress upon the love of God! If one says that the love of God, the blessed contemplation of the Infinite Loveliness, is the culminating point of my humanity, the *highest* bliss and glory of my nature, I can understand that; I can go to any length in that vein. But if he sums up *all* in this, if he makes it *all* the help and strength of my virtue and happiness; I fear that there is something extravagant, something beyond reason and wisdom in this.

In short, I regret to see devotion represented as having any more merit or worth than benevolence; the love of God as any more acceptable to him than the love of his creatus. It seems to mar the nobleness of the commandment. That irrational stress upon piety, upon prayer, which has marked the religion of all ag, I fear has not yet departed from among us. For my own part, I find it easier to be devout, than to be good. So I believe have many. Many have prayed much, and do pray much, who have little genuine worth. I had rather rely upon goodness for prayer, than upon prayer for goodess. The true prayer is the incense breathing from a life. In turn it blesses that life and makest fragrant with sanctity and love.

To go now from the basis to the superstructure—there was much discussion in the Convention upon preaching, upon the freedom of the pulpit, upon moral Reforms, upon the state of society, and the means of social and spiritual regeneration. On some of these topics I would offer a word or two of comment.

The freedom of the pulpit was strongly asserted. And so let it be. A man *must* preach according to his conscience. If his conscience bid him preach Transcendentalism, Abolitionism, Ultraism of every sort, he must do it. That is the freedom of the pulpit. But we must not forget that there is a freedom of the pews too. If the preacher demands leave to disobey his conscience in preaching, he must not complain if the people demand leave to discharge their conscience in refusing to listen to him. His conscience may be right, and theirs may be wrong; but the reverse of this is possible. Both must see to it that it *is* an enlightened conscience that governs them, and not pride of opinion, prejudice, or obstinate self-will.

Transcendentalism, as it is popularly denominated—for no good reason that I can see—in other words the doctrine of Strauss, met with some occasional notice in the Convention; and, indeed one speaker, who by the courtesy of the members was invited to take a seat with them, fairly exhorted them to cast out "all mysteries and miracles from their Christianity." But the members were by no means so minded: for although some of them maintained that anti-supernaturalism ought to have liberty to speak in our pulpits, no one professed to believe in it; all professed the very contrary. Whether the point is grave and weighty enough to demand a division in worship between those who stand on either side of it, a division even for their own edification, is the question; but it appears to me that it clearly *is* such a point. If Rousseau or Lord Herbert of Cherburg were here, and invested with the clerical character, would we ask them to preach!—And yet they believed quite as much in Christianity and had quite as much admiration for its moral beauty, for what is called the "absolute" truth in it, as Dr. Strauss.

With regard to Moral Reforms and the space they are to occupy in the pulpit, there was some difference of opinion. None, however, I suppose, would exclude them altogether. Some consideration they demand. The pulpit would hardly be just to the time without it. The public mind needs guidance upon these matters, and the preacher is bound to give his aid to that end. But I confess that I should be sorry to see any pulpit embarked in any one of these enterprises as its principal business. I should regret to see these great associated movements driving out from the pulpit that preaching to daily life and to the deepest heart, which is its great and appointed function. This would be to dry up the very fountain from which all healing reforms must come. There certainly is peril here. There is danger lest amidst the public and popular action of the Christian principle, its deep devotion, meditativeness and spirituality should decline and die out from among us. This is a point that is beginning to attract the attention of religious thinkers of various communions; and it is worthy of attention.

The only further subjects which I intended to mention as coming under the notice of the Convention, are, the moral condition of society, and the evils that press upon it. The time has come when these subjects must engage the attention of all religious Conventions of earnest and Christian men. Three centuries ago, all such assemblies were chiefly occupied with settling the articles of their creeds. The great Reformation of the present day is turning upon practical questions.

It is true that different bodies of Christians are in different stages of this practical Reformation. Some are much occupied with discussions about rituals, canons, hierarchies; others with the sins of Sabbath-breaking, dancing, theatre-going; but others are going much farther, and are taking account of the evils of war, slavery, pauperism, intemperance, licentiousness; but through these gradations ever goes the inquiry deeper and deeper into the very heart of society; and this advancing shaft of Reform will yet penetrate to the very foundations of the world; it will plough through the rubbish of old abuses, and open the soil of a glorious harvest.

I look for a changed world, for a reformed world, for a better and happier world than we now think of, or can distinctly conceive. The woes of humanity, thank God, are weighing heavier and heavier upon the universal heart and conscience; and this grieving sympathy for the miserable, the prostrate and crushed, must work out great results. Man cannot forever pass by his brother man as he has done. Human brotherhood is to be constructed in a new manner. Philanthropy will have a new definition; wealth will find a new mission; intelligence, influence, talent, genius, a new sphere. Oh! from the heart of this age, is there not to come a melting pity, a glorious heroism, a burning passion, to raise the fallen, to rescue the wandering, to release the bond, and consecrate the free; to lift the world, the Church, the State, society, man, humanity, to purity, honor, and beatitude? I fully believe it. I cannot agree with those who take dark and desponding views of this age; who think the world is growing worse and worse; who think that our own national morality is retrograde and downward in its course, and tending to ruin. I think it would be easy to show that several distinct vices, such as profaneness, intemperance and gambling, have decreased among us within the last twenty years; and that with some exceptions—of large cities for instance, and these doubtful—the country at large has been advancing in intelligence, refinement, real piety and sound morals.

But, be this as it may, our business is to labor in this great work of the common improvement; to see to it that our individual life, each individual life, is an impulse to carry society onward and upward. The agency of every one of us, though merged, is not lost in the crowd, but is as distinct as if it were the only agency in the world. Let each man arm himself to do his work faithfully and well: as though he heard the voice of the Master saying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

O. D.

REFLECTIONS FOR SATURDAY NIGHT.

Another week is past: another of those little limited portions of time, which number out my life. Let me stop a little here, before I enter upon a new one, and consider what this life is, which is thus imperceptibly stealing away, and whither it is conducting me. What is its end and aim, its good and its evil, its use and improvement? What place does it fill in the universe? What proportion does it bear to eternity?

This mortal life is the beginning of existence to beings made for immortality, and graciously designed, unless by wilful guilt they forfeit it,—for everlasting happiness. Compared with eternity, its longest duration is less than a moment; therefore its good and evil considered without any regard to the influence they may have on an eternity to come, must be trifling to a degree below contempt. The short scene, begun in birth and closed by death, is acted over millions of times, in every age; and all the little concerns of mortality are pursued, transacted and forgotten, like the labors of a bee-hive or the bustle of an ant-hill. "The thing which hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun." Our wisdom, therefore, is to pass through this busy dream as calmly as we can, and not suffer ourselves to be more deeply attached to any of these transitory things, than the momentariness and unimportance of them deserves.

But considering this short life as a probation for eternity, as a trial whose issue is to determine our everlasting state, its importance to ourselves appears beyond expression, great, and fills a right mind with equal awe and transport. The important day will come when there shall be a new thing indeed, but not "under the sun," for "heaven and earth shall pass away;" but the words of him who created them "shall not pass away."

What then is the good or the evil of life, but as it has a tendency to prepare or unfit us for that decisive day, when "the Son of Man shall come in the clouds with great power and glory, and shall send his angels, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds"—that Son of man, who is the Son of God, "blessed for evermore," and once before came down from heaven, and took upon him this, our mortal nature, with all its innocent infirmities and sufferings; and subjected himself even to the death of the cross, that he might redeem us from all our sins, and obtain the gift of everlasting life for all who should not wilfully frustrate this last and greatest effort of divine mercy.

What have we then to do, but with love and gratitude unutterable to embrace the offers of salvation, and henceforth become in every thing his true and faithful disciples? To whom should we live, but to him who died for us? To whom should we give up ourselves, but to him who gave up himself for us, whose "yoke is easy, and his burden light?" In whom should we trust, but in eternal truth? In whom should we cheerfully hope, but in infinite goodness? Whom should we copy but him, who was made like unto us in all things, sin only excepted, and has left us an example that we should "follow his steps?" Which if we do faithfully to the utmost of our power, his grace shall so assist us, that in the end we shall be where he is, to behold his glory and partake his bliss.

Let me think, then, and think deeply, how I have employed this week past. Have I advanced in, or deviated from, the path that leads to life? Has my time been improved or lost, or worse than lost, misspent? If the last, let me use double diligence to redeem it. Have I spent a due portion of my time in acts of devotion and piety, both private, public and domestic, and have they been sincere and free from all mixture and superstition, moroseness, or weak scrupulosity? Have I in society been kind and helpful, mild, peaceable and obliging? Have I been charitable, friendly, discreet? Have I had a due regard, without vanity or ostentation, to set a good example? Have I been equally ready to give and receive instruction and proper advice; careful to give no offence, and patient to take every thing in good part? Have I been honest, upright, and disinterested? Have I, in my way, and according to my station and calling, been diligent, frugal, generous, and industrious to do good? Have I, in all my behavior, consulted the happiness and ease of those I live with, and of all who have any dependence upon me? Have I preserved my understanding clear, my temper calm, my spirits cheerful, my body temperate, and healthy, and my heart in a right frame? If to all these questions I can humbly, yet confidently answer, that I have done my best; if I have truly repented all the faulty past, and made humble, yet firm, and vigorous, and deliberate resolutions for the future; poor as it is, the honest endeavor will be graciously accepted; and I may to-morrow gladly approach the sacred table and partake of that bread of life, which our blessed Savior gave, to nourish to all goodness those who receive it worthily, and to be not only the means of grace, but the pledge of glory. Amen.
[C. Talbot's Reflections, as published in the Christian Witness.]

STORMY SUNDAYS.

Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, Connecticut, recently preached a sermon to his people on the "Uses and Duties of Stormy Sundays," from the text "Fire and hail; snow and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word." From this text he, in his peculiar manner, lectured them right plainly on the wicked habit of staying away from worship on stormy Sundays. After alluding to the fact that every created thing, pleasant and terrible, including "the flying artillery of the weather," were invoked to praise the Lord, he turned to his "fair weather hearers," for whose special benefit he had prepared the discourse, and chosen a fair and genial day on which to deliver it, and told them in the outset, that he *meant them*, by introducing his subject after the following strain:—

"There is a class among you, who visibly enough cannot sympathize with all the sentiments of this glowing and lofty psalm. The principal significance of the weather, or at least of all foul weather, appears, in their estimation, to be, that it excuses them from worship. The snows, and vapors, and stormy wind, do not so much fulfil the word of Jehovah, as call them away from his word and the worship of his house. Their seat is sure to be vacant every stormy Sunday, and too often when there is only a slight promise of rain, or of any other kind of unpleasant weather. If the wind blows, or the walks are wet, or covered with a little snow; if the cold is uncomfortable, or the heat a little too intense; if a fog damps the air, or an east wind chills it, they take out an indulgence from the weather, and consider the worship of God as relieved by a dispensation."

The Doctor then went on to prove that stormy Sundays are not only very harmless to all persons but invalids, but that they really have a high religious purpose. It is very desirable, according to his doctrine, to have stormy Sabbaths, and we ought to improve them as opportunities of special blessing in attending on the public worship of God. Toward the close he enforced his doctrine in this strain:

"I hope that all my fair weather hearers are present, and, being present, that they will receive the salutary lesson I give them. I have not said, and did not mean to say, all that could relate to a subject so unpleasant. I have not rebuked your self-indulgence as I might have done. I have not spoken of the chill our worship often suffers by the thinness of the assembly, and the many empty seats displayed; for I was not willing to ask your attention here as patrons of the place. I have not dwelt on your excuses, and removed them—the plea that you had better sometimes spend the day of God by yourselves; for you know that you spend it in no such exercise as worship, or preparation for a better world—the plea often present to the giddy heart of vanity, that a stormy day is no fit occasion for the display of your person, a plea that you cannot yourselves utter, because of its conscious want of dignity, but which nevertheless has power with many—the plea that it will injure your health to encounter the rough weather; for you all expect me to be here in every storm that blows, and you can as well be here as I; and if in thirteen years' attendance on my duties here, without any consideration of the weather, in its wildest storms and fiercest cold, I have never suffered the least injury, there is not much reason to fear for you—certainly not for any who are in equally sound health. To invalids I will make allowance, though even they would commonly suffer by no exposure incident to their attendance. There is no such poison in wet and cold as many love to suppose; and if we were not so self-indulgent, so ready to shrink from the rough moods of nature, we should have clearer minds and stronger bodies. The worst and most dangerous poison is confinement, and the pent air that simmers all the day in heated rooms, unchanged."

MUSIC FOR MEN AND ANGELS.

When the work of creation was completed, the morning stars (angels) sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

When our blessed Savior became incarnate, angels sung their sweetest song at his birth, on the plains of Bethlehem. Let there be music on earth, as there will be eternal music and songs in heaven.

Let all learn to sing, and, if possible, to play on instruments. If time is scarce, take time, and rely upon it, you will regain that time, both in increased mental and physical efficiency through life, so as to make up this time, and especially in prolonging life itself. Let children and youth more especially be encouraged to sing. The growing custom of relieving the tedium of the school-room by interspersing music, is admirable. Let it be practiced often through the day, throughout all the schools in Christendom. It will greatly promote study, as well as cultivate this delightful and moralizing faculty, and also render the school-room attractive, instead of repulsive. It will keep alive this strong native passion, now allowed to slumber, and finally die by disuse. As all children have this faculty by nature, all can or could have become good singers and players, if it had been early and duly cultivated. Let mothers sing much to their children, as well as strile up cheerful lays when about the house and garden, so as to inspire this divine sentiment in all about them, as well as thereby give unrestrained expression to those lively, buoyant, elevated, happy feelings, so abundant by nature in their souls.

Song in woman is inexpressibly beautiful. She is pre-eminently adapted to pour forth her whole soul in strains of melting pathos. She is a better natural musician than man; and hence can diffuse in society those pure feelings and holy aspirations inspired by music—especially female singing. She can thereby charm her wayward children, and supplant the angry by the enchanting and subduing. When her children become fretful or ill-natured, she can sing them out of temper into sweetness, more effectually than by scolding or chastisement. One sweet tune, when they are wrangling, will quell wrath, and promote love, a hundred-fold more than whips. The former is irresistible, and tames down their rougher passions at once; the latter only re-inflames. Sweet music will hush still any crying child, and dispel anger as effectually as the sun fog. If mothers would sing their children out of badness into goodness—would sing to make and keep them good, and because they were good—how sweet and heavenly-dispositioned they might render their children!

Music should, therefore, be almost an indispensable qualification and pre-requisite for marriage, and then be cultivated after marriage, even more than before; whereas domestic cares too often drown its happy notes. Home is the very orchestra of music. All women should be good singers and players, and may often avert the ill-temper and contentiousness of husbands, by frequently charming them with singing much. Angels live in song, and she approximates nearer to them than any other earthly creature. Let woman "cultivate the gift which is in her." Let children be encouraged to tune their young voices when about the house and fields, both singly and in concert, as well as persuaded to sing instead of contending. Let boys be encouraged to whistle, and play on instruments, and laborers make field and forest ring, and echo with their lively, thrilling notes.
[American Phrenological Journal.

DR. DAVIDSON'S REASONS FOR WITHDRAWING FROM THE "ALLIANCE."

SIR,—It is a great misfortune to some individuals, that they happen to be more frequently with the minority than the majority, or that they are obliged to differ from good and wise men around them.

Since the proper formation of the Evangelical Alliance at the late meeting in London, these two ideas have frequently occurred to my mind; for, if the first be not applicable, the second, at least, is appropriate to me as regards that new confederation.

None acquainted with me will suppose that I am opposed to the Christian union. The very thought of all true Christians, or a majority of them, meeting together from time to time, must be exhilarating to the pious heart. The spectacle of the excellent of the earth testifying their Christian affection for one another in a large assembly convened for that purpose, is a glorious one even in prospect; what, then, must it be in reality! But the question of a particular association is another matter, and must be judged of by its own merits.

When the desire of Christian union brought together so many pious men at Liverpool, for the purpose of conversing upon and praying over the subject, I was anxious to attend the meeting, that it might not be said, the Dissenters are backward to join in a fraternal association with Churchmen. I confess that I had my doubts all along of the propriety of the doctrinal basis there proposed. But as the whole matter had to be considered in London, and many things might there have been changed, I continued to wait for the result of the large Conference in the metropolis.

I need scarcely say, that some proceedings of that Conference created in me considerable dissatisfaction. I allude particularly to two propositions, inserted in what is termed the "Doctrinal basis." In one of these, statements are made by which the Friends and many of the Plymouth Brethren are excluded; in the other, the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, the eternal blessedness of the righteous, and the eternal punishment of the wicked, is propounded. My objection to these propositions is, that they exclude many Christians. It is not difficult to foretell the reception which the clause relating to the everlasting punishment of the wicked will meet with among a number of thinking men in this country. I give no opinion at present on the scripturality or unscripturality of it, as this is not necessary for my purpose. But I know men, of whose Christianity there can be, in my opinion, no doubt, who hesitate, about receiving the doctrine of punishment literally eternal. I believe, too, there are many highly intelligent Christians all over England (not at all Unitarian) both ministers and laymen, who are either averse to the doctrine, or have not at least sufficiently studied it, so as to be prepared to subscribe it. In Germany, all the leading evangelical clergy and people, with the exception of Hengstenberg, and perhaps Tholuck, will not adopt it. Such men as Neander, Nitzsech, Julius Muller, Ullmann, Kucke, Bleek, &c., reject it, if I am not greatly mistaken; and thousands of pious Germans do the same.

I object, therefore, to these two propositions, on the ground of their exclusiveness. In my opinion, they shut out from the association men whom God will not shut out from heaven. They would have excluded such men as John Foster and John Milton; and they do exclude Mr. Gurney and Dr. Neander.

But I am aware of the reply that will be given to this. We say, the members of the Alliance could not well work with the persons whom they exclude. We could not co-operate with them harmoniously, and therefore the propositions must stand. Perhaps the majority of the members could not work well with those who will be necessarily shut out. But, observe the bearing of this avowal. It implies, that the Association is, in its very nature, as a speaker at a public meeting lately said, "not inclusive but exclusive." It was not designed to embrace all who may be supposed Christians, in the judgment of charity. But is this consistent with the original idea of the Alliance? Was it not meant to be an union of Christians throughout the world, so comprehensive, as practically to refute the taunting language, "See how these Christians bite and devour one another!" Was it not meant to tell powerfully on the spiritual amelioration of the world, by presenting the spectacle of Christians, long alienated, but finally united! Was not the idea of it, the manifestation of the union of the people of God everywhere? If, however it be so narrow in its basis as to exclude many Christians; if the association is exclusive rather than inclusive; I wonder how it will do away the idea of disunion among Christians which prevails in the world, or how it will refute the argument either of the infidel or the Roman Catholic. It cannot do so, because Christians will still be divided outwardly from one another. Numbers who cannot subscribe to the creed, will not join the Alliance; and thus the manifestation of Christian union before the world, will remain in the same, or even in a worse condition than before. It is not difficult, therefore, to see, that the exclusive principle of the Alliance virtually contradicts the very purpose for which that body was called into being.

And not only are the two propositions, to which I have alluded, highly objectionable, as they appear to me, but also the creed itself. I had verily thought that creeds and confessions were little regarded by the evangelical Dissenters of England. Ecclesiastical history shows their inutility and positive injuriousness. Few will assert at the present day, that they have any virtue in securing uniformity of faith among those who subscribe them. They are perfectly worthless. On the present occasion a creed is particularly objectionable, because the piety of a man is not manifested by the complexion of his doctrinal belief. Life is the test of true religion. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Conduct is the great index to man of the conformity of his fellow-man to the spirit of the Gospel. Even fellowship with a church which maintains purity of communion would be a far better criterion than the creed of the Alliance. See the simplicity of the earliest,—the Scripture confessions of faith! Contrast them with the later creeds which sprung up in ecclesiastical councils, and the difference in length and minuteness will be most obvious. It would appear, however, that the idea of a tolerably stringent and lengthy creed has still possession of many minds. These minds cannot or will not separate it from the idea of genuine piety. They define the doctrines of Scriptures, and require subscriptions to their modes of statement and of explanation.

When I think of the list of propositions laid down as the doctrinal basis, I rejoice that the amiable Neander did not visit London to attend the Alliance, as he had intended. How would he have been hereticated had he given an address to the members, recommending them to lay aside the use of the word Trinity, which prejudiced the minds of honest inquirers after truth, against the doctrine. Those who are ready to infer the unbelief of an individual from his aversion to the use of certain phrases and terms rendered vulnerable by time, would probably have supposed that the excellent Professor is a thorough Neologian.

But some members of the Alliance may say, You are now mistaken. We have not propounded a creed or confession. They may point to the resolution which affirms, that "this brief summary is not to be regarded in any formal or ecclesiastical sense as a creed or confession."

But I reply, you have laid down a creed or confession of faith, to all intents and purposes, call it by whatever name you choose. I care nothing about the appellation: the thing is virtually a creed, disguise it as you may.

I am not willing, then, to take any share of the responsibility that must attach to the Conference in laying down a basis necessarily excluding any Christian man, and even large numbers of the pious. The Almighty has drawn no line in the Scriptures by which poor humanity might ascertain the amount of doctrine to be believed in order to salvation. Nor has he given any warrant whatever for dividing true Christians into more orthodox and less orthodox; into those whom we can love readily, heartily, easily, with whom we can enjoy sweet fellowship; and those whom it is more difficult to love and sympathise with, because they believe rather little. On the contrary, the Scriptures teach us to love all who bear the Savior's image. Such as give practical evidence of loving the Saviour most will be most loved. To them will the believer feel attracted more easily than to such as exhibit less of the Redeemer's image.

Now, the question is, does greater conformity to that image depend on the extent of a man's speculative creed? I cannot think so. All my observation contradicts the supposition. I know many whose creed is long and minute—who are perfectly orthodox in the conventional sense of that term, and yet, at the same time, are intolerant and narrow in spirit.

It had been far wiser in the Alliance, as it seems to me, to have had no doctrinal basis or creed, but a definite object instead. The world should then have known what the members desire to do. I know that many say they are anxious, at least for a time, to do nothing else than meet together and express love for one another. And is all the present apparatus necessary for the attainment of an object so simple?

It would appear to me however, that something practical is intended, else why exclude many whom the Alliance candidly affirms to be Christians, because these minor Christians could not work harmoniously with those in the Association?

I fear that, when the members themselves of the Alliance come to objects, they will hardly agree. I can foresee a great difference of opinion regarding the Christian Sabbath for example, a subject which the Wesleyans were very anxious, at Liverpool, to propose.

Our benefit is sure to arise from the discussion of doctrine that has already taken place in the Evangelical Alliance. Some points which have been till now vaguely apprehended will come up for examination. The different stones in the temple of orthodoxy will be more minutely scrutinised; and let it even be so. Heavenly truth has nothing to fear from the most vigorous scrutiny. God is not honored by an unintelligent adherence to time-honored dogmas.

Had not this letter been already too long, I should have said something on the relation of the Alliance to American slavery. It is enough, perhaps, to state the principal reasons that induced me to withdraw from the Alliance. I cannot give my sanction, in any shape, to what appears to myself an exclusive spirit. I will not, by the least act, if possible, countenance the idea that creeds are necessary or desirable for testing the true Christianity of individuals. Let it not be supposed for a moment that I throw out any insinuations against the motives and character of the parties composing the Alliance. I have the highest opinion of their excellent design and benevolent spirit. I honor them very highly for the attempt they have made to bring together different individuals unhappily too much alienated. All that I have ventured to canvass is, the kind of organisation originated, or, rather, the wisdom of lying down such a doctrinal basis as must tend to make the subscribers to it another Christian party in the visible Church of Christ. I am, yours,

SAMUEL DAVIDSON.

Lancashire Independent College,
September 22, 1846.

[London Patriot.

LETTER FROM JOHN FOSTER TO A YOUNG WOMAN NEAR DEATH.

FEBRUARY, 4th, 1825.

MY DEAR SARAH,—While your heavenly Father retains you here some lingering moments longer, to accomplish in you and for you the concluding part of his merciful intentions toward you on earth, I cannot be content without conveying to you one short expression more of that most deep and friendly interest which augments as we see you retiring. I wish to have it reposed and cherished in my memory, that so dear a friend may read yet a few more lines from me. And I should feel it an inestimable favor granted to me, if I might contribute, in even the least degree, under the blessing of him who keeps you in his faithful care, to cheer your spirit in this last stage of its journey and its conflict. All mortal endeavors to aid are felt by those whose affection would offer them, to be inexpressively feeble and inadequate to impart strength and animation to the soul in this season of its final and greatest trial. But the happiness to you, dearest Sarah, and the consolation to your friends, is, that *he* is with you who has all power and goodness to support you, who loves while he afflicts you, and will not desert you one moment, but hold you in his own mighty hand, and bear you safely through.

You are sensible, my ever dear friend, that the painful struggle of life will soon be over. At the end of each of the few past weeks you have been conscious, and your anxiously vigilant domestic friends have plainly perceived, that a few days had effected still another, and another, depression of the force of the vital principle: languishing nature has surrendered, successively, still one point more. You are now touching the very confine between this world and that mysterious one into which your Almighty Father's voice is calling you, into which his angels will rejoice to bear you. Oh, how happy that you are not looking despondingly back, with grief and anguish, to see the world receding, and vainly striving to grasp something by which to retain hold of it! How happy to feel, that the world you are leaving does not raise a distracting and melancholy conflict in your soul by drawing it back from that to which you are advancing. What a felicity, that you can complacently, and without a murmur, without, at least, anything more than a momentary and natural emotion, resign the world, and youth, and life, with all the sublunary activities of a vigorous and enlarging mind, and all that time appeared to be promising you; and can give your immortal being up to Him who will translate it to a better and happier economy.

But still, my dear Sarah, you feel a disquietude of heart, from not experiencing the *complete* influence of religion in imparting a fulness of consolation, in animating the affections toward God and eternal realities, and raising you to a strong confidence of faith. You are, perhaps, sometimes tempted to doubt whether your prayers to the throne of heaven have been accepted. Now, it is right that you *should* regret a deficiency of the blessed influence, that you *should* implore that God would lift up upon you, without a cloud, the light of his countenance, and grant you, at happy intervals at least, to enjoy strong consolation in having fled to the refuge set before you,—*at intervals*, for a malady that so crushes the body will often, unless almost a miracle were wrought, inevitably cast a shade over the mind. A measure of this joy of faith and hope is truly a blessing to be desired and implored, both for your own support, my dear Sarah, and that you may leave a happy testimony for the consolation of your friends. You will please your heavenly Father by praying that he would make it delightfully evident that your prayers have been graciously heard. But, at the same time, do not deprive yourself of the precious consolation which belongs to you, and which is so exceedingly needful to you, by mistaking the true *principle* of the assurance of the efficacy of your prayers. The true ground of this assurance is the infallible *certainty* of the divine promises; that is to say, the *certainty* of the faithfulness of God to perform them to those who truly seek him. Combine this certainty on the part of God, with *conscious certainty* on your part, my dear friend, that you do sincerely, earnestly, and patiently, continue to entreat him to fulfil his own gracious words to you, and *this* forms a firm ground for your assurance, *independently of the degree in which he may or may not favor you with the express tokens that he actually does accept your petitions.* If only satisfied of this one thing, namely, that the soul has with real and persevering earnestness, and in the name of Christ, sought the divine mercy, and implored the final fulfilment of the promises of God, I should feel an entire confidence of the eternal safety of such a spirit, however defective its actual consolations were, and even though it went on to the last hour with a great degree of painful doubt and apprehension. Desirable as it is,—exceedingly so, in your near approach to the mighty change,—to enjoy the most sensible and animating manifestation of the divine favor and acceptance in Jesus Christ, I would still repeat, most cogently, that this is not the *essential* ground for confidence. The *essential* ground still is, the absolute certainty that God will and does accept every one who sincerely seeks him, *whether he grant an animating testimony to the heart that he does so or not.*

And are you not *consciously certain*, that you have sought his mercy with a real and solemn intentness of soul, and that you do so still, and that you shall continue to do so the last hour? My dearest Sarah, surely your heart bears you witness that this is true. His favor, his love, in life and death, and for ever, *is* that which you are never ceasing to desire and supplicate. You even desire and pray that you may desire and pray for it still more importunately. You *are* beseeching him to fulfil in you all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power, to conform you to his image, and to prepare you for his presence. Surely, my ever dear friend, you can say that this is the prevailing impulse of your soul; that it is so in those moments when the sufferings which oppress the body are at intervals so remitted as to allow the free action of your mind. Then, be assured, that you have the true and solid ground for confidence. Rest upon it, Sarah; in humble trust commit yourself to the divine mercy; still, however, not ceasing to pray that your God may impart to you a more animated degree of consolation, more clearly disclose his love, and more powerfully draw your affections toward him. Do not cease to pray for some such happy emotions, in the intervals of your suffering. But still consider, that one part, a difficult part, of your last duty, is devoutly to submit to bear that weariness and often confusion of mind which is the inevitable effect of the distress and sinking of your physical nature. May your almighty Friend sustain you and prolong your patience under this painful weight!

But while I write, the thought rises upon me, like the appearance of a vision, how soon you will be past all those disquietudes and sufferings! A short while, and you will have emerged from the valley of the shadow of death, into the scene of glory and felicity beyond. Go, dearest Sarah; go before, and expect us, that are losing you, ere long to follow you. It will give an added attraction to a better world, to think that you are there.

Once more, my ever dear young friend, in time and through eternity, may the blessing of the Almighty rest on you. [Life and Correspondence of John Foster.

SLANDER.

I will no less hate to tell than to hear slanders: if I cannot stop others' mouths, I will stop my own ears. The receiver is as bad as the thief

LAST DAYS OF EMINENT MEN.

From a very good article in the Christian Review on this subject we make a few extracts.

"It was wholly in keeping with the religious spirit of that amiable and accomplished princess, Isabella of Spain, that when she saw those who stood around her bed bathed in tears, she calmly said,—"Do not weep for me, nor waste your time in fruitless prayers for my recovery; but pray rather for the salvation of my soul." Amid all the cares of royalty, she cared for her own soul; and strange as it may seem, some of the most repulsive measures of her government—repulsive alike to humanity and religion—(we refer now especially to the horrible Inquisition,) were the fruit of her anxious desire to do right, to promote the safety of her own soul, and the glory of God.

Our illustrations on this point would be incomplete, should we fail to give the Christian view of the subject. But here so numerous instances meet us, that we hardly know where to begin our selection. Hundreds and thousands, to whom religion has been a "ruling passion" during a long life, have adorned their profession by cleaving to it in death;—and not only cleaving to it, but triumphing in it. Its power has been shown in the higher, as well as in the lower walks of life; and men eminent for learing, influence and power, have been ruled by religion in their life, and consoled and sustained by it in death. Here belong the glorious company of the martyrs—finer illustrations could not be found. With them their "ruling passion" was not only strong in death, but stronger than death. Here also belong persons of elevated rank of every period and every name—kings, princes, soldiers; professional men, lawyers, physicians and divines—many, whose history has been written; many more, whose history remains unwritten; or whose regal, military, or political career has been duly recorded, while that glorious crowning event has been left out. The case of the aged Polycorp, bishop of the church in Smyrna, is known to every one. When at the place of execution, life was offered him if he would renounce Christ, he steadfastly refused,—saying, "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he has never done me any thing but good, why should I forsake him now?" Mr. Saunders, who was burnt at Coventry, on coming to the stake where he was to suffer, embraced it with apparent joy, exclaiming, "Welcome, cross of Christ! Welcome, everlasting life!" When Ridley and Latimer were bound together to the stake, the former said to his companion, "Be of good heart, brother; for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or enable us to abide it." The latter replied, "Be of good comfort, for we shall this day light such a candle in England, as I trust, by God's grace, never shall be put out." Mr. Rogers, who was burnt at Smithfield, in a letter to Bullinger shortly before his death, said, "We are still in the utmost peril, as we have been for a year and a half. We are kept asunder in prison, and treated with all kinds of inhumanity and scorn. They theaten us every day with death, which we do not value. We resolutely despise fire and sword for the cause of Christ. We know in whom we have believed and are sure we have committed our souls to him by well doing. In the mean time help us with your prayers, that he has begon the good work in us, would perform it to the end. We are the Lord's, let him do with us as seemeth good in his sight." Thus did these good men, in their death, confirm what they had preached and taught, spoken and felt in their lives. They had devoted themselves to Christ and his service with a zeal which

"It is now time for me to return to him who made me. The time of my dissolution draws near. I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. Yes, my soul desires to see Christ, my King, in his beauty." In this manner he continued to converse cheerfully till the evening, when the pupil mentioned before said to him, "Dear master, one sentence is still wanting." He replied, "Write quickly." The young man said, "it is finished." He answered, "Thou hast well said, all is now finished. Hold my head with thy hands, for I shall delight to sit at the opposite side of the room, on the holy spot at which I have been accustomed to pray, and where, while sitting, I can invoke my Father." When he was placed on the pavement of his little place, he sang, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;" and expired as he uttered the last words. Such was the happy, the glorious conclusion of life to this first of scholars."

This narrative reminds us of the rude age to which it belongs. It exhibits the venerable priest in the attire of a church, whose claims to be the true church of Christ we can by no means conclude. But such beautiful simplicity, earnestness and piety, and such peace in death, cannot but be admired wherever they are seen.

The dying expression of Bede resembles that of Gordon Hall, one of the earliest American missionaries to Bombay. He died suddenly of Asiatic cholera, at a distance from his place of abode. After having given his attendants several necessary directions, and prayed for himself, for his family and for the heathen, he cried out three times, "Glory to thee, O God,"—and expired. As the death-chills gathered around his body, he employed his last strength in this divine doxology;—a meet occupation for one whose redeemed spirit was just entering into the heavenly temple. The ascription, thrice repeated by his dying lips, was, as it were, a strain heard from the celestial sanctuary, as its golden gates were opening for his admission. It was as if he began to sing the immortal anthem of Paradise, while he was in the act of passing into its bliss."

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, NOV. 21, 1846.

EXPEDIENCY. PROVIDENCE.

The last number of the Religious Magazine contains, among other good things, some stirring remarks entitled "Thoughts on Expediency." We like all but the text and what is said of Bishop Jebb.

"I always watch the indications of circumstances as they arise," said Bishop Jebb, "and never, unless the voice of duty clearly calls, press any undertaking against opposing circumstances; lest, by so doing, I should cross the course, or take myself out of the current, of God's providential dealings."

* * * * *

I know nothing of Bishop Jebb. I have in some way connected his name with a volume of sermons which I never opened, and I am not surprised to find others thus ignorant. I cannot imagine that a man governed by expediency, could ever write one living sermon, or leave behind him a name worthy a nation's conscious remembrance.

We see no such doctrine taught here as the writer in the Magazine would draw from it. "Unless the voice of duty clearly calls," bishop Jebb would not "press any undertaking against opposing circumstances." Is that erecting the law of expediency above the law of right? We certainly cannot so understand it. Where "the voice of duty clearly calls," that Bishop Jebb would regard as the voice of God, to be obeyed at all hazards; but where that is not distinct, he would look to circumstances, as affording an indication of the will of God, which he did not feel at liberty to overlook.

Several months ago, unless our memory deceive us, we quoted this passage from Bishop Jebb, as one of those rare expressions from the heart of a devout man, which it does us good to treasure up and meditate upon. And we still think that a spirit of submission and trust, under such circumstances as Providence may appoint, is what cannot too earnestly be impressed upon us, especially at this period of turbulent activity. The world is not right; there is suffering and wrong all around us. Ten thousand forms of action are calling upon us. We must not be idle, nor sluggishly yield to the force of circumstances. Life is a field of conflict and labor, and we must dare and do our part. But there are passive not less than active virtues, and a wide sphere of life where it is our duty not to struggle, but to submit;—submit with a quiet confidence in him who ordereth all things well.

We talk and live, as if everything depended on man;—as if his were the Omnipotence which is to control the world. And so far as may be needful, to excite us to the faithful discharge of duty, this is well. But lest a terrible activity should be permitted to consume our souls, lest the heaving billows of perpetual unrest should rob the earth of all marks of order, and man's unconcerted schemes, clashing one against another, should crush our hopes of a better condition of things, let us remember that there is a God who rules over all, who *can* dispense with *our* labors, and that if we are but faithful in our narrow and humble sphere, he will care for the rest beyond, and in his own good time accomplish his wise and benevolent designs.

But something must be done! Yes, a great deal must be done; but it must be done in a devout and prayerful spirit, and in the sphere which a wise Providence has seen fit to assign to us. There are those whose situation and talents fit them to act on whole communities. But with most of us it is not so. Our duties lie within our daily walks. Let us by our fidelity to God and man make one heart holy,—fill one home with the cheerful light of Christian love—make one neighborhood more intelligent and happy;—if we could only do that, how might we look up with gratitude to heaven, feeling that life had not been given in vain.

The great sphere of duty for almost all of us, lies within a very narrow compass, and our progress through it must be, for the most part, as silent as the ongoings of life within us. We must work; we must suffer. Every day brings with it new duties and cares. Children are born, friends depart, possessions change. We know not what a day may bring forth even in our own experience. The world does not regard us. It knows not when we came, nor will it miss us when we go. But there is one to whom our inmost thoughts are known; who does regard us; in whom amid the rude clashings that are round us, we may find rest; through whom no faithful word or deed is permitted to be in vain. Shall we not, in our most secret meditations, cherish the thought of him, and so accustom ourselves to refer all things to him, that we may walk always as with a sense of his presence, and see his workings, not only in nature and in Christ, but in our constant experience, and in the unforeseen circumstances, which are every day coming up before us, and which so often, without care or forethought of ours, shape anew the whole direction of our lives? Where no clearer voice of duty calls, shall we not, in these circumstances, be permitted to read indications, which we ought not to slight, of the designs of Providence in respect to us? And if without reason, and only to gratify our own wayward wish or will, we rudely tear ourselves away from the web which God has been weaving around us, do we not, "by so doing" in some measure, "cross the course, or take ourselves out of the current, of God's providential dealings," and assume for ourselves, new and weighty responsibilities?

We half remember a passage in one of Massillon's sermons to the clergy to this effect. "Where the duties of your office call you, go. God will take care of you, whether amid pestilence or the corruptions and evil influences of the world. But if without the call of duty, you go away from your appointed vineyard, and thus expose yourselves, you have no right to look to him for protection." "This may by some be thought superstitious, but we believe that it is true, and that the thought on which it rests is very essential to the religious security of our lives and the peace of our souls.

As to Bishop Jebb, whom the writer in the Religious Magazine seems to think it a merit not to know, we will only say, in addition to what we have said in a former paper, that he was one, who in the abundance of his labors, the unostentatious benevolence and purity of his life, the meekness of his wisdom, the thoroughness and extent of his learning, the quiet fervor of his piety and the strength of his faith, deserved to be honored and loved. His talents were not great; nor do we value his sermons. But his Correspondence with Alexander Knox, in two octavo volumes, is one of the most interesting and instructive books for the religious student that we know; and his Memoir, though clumsily put together, is yet a valuable work. He, with the aid of his friend Knox, unquestionably did more than any other man of his generation, to infuse a new religious life into the Church of England; and we only wish that the quiet graces which adorned his character, were more common among us. There might then be less of outward stir and profession than we now witness, but more of the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

SMALL UNITARIAN SOCIETIES IN THE WEST.

There is, we think, a very general misapprehension of the value of these little insulated Societies in the distance. A few words will perhaps set things right in the minds of our friends. At St. Louis ten or twelve years ago a small Society was begun, and with assistance from this quarter, a little but convenient Church was built. Under the devoted and self-sacrificing labors of their pastor, they have gone on increasing from year to year, till now they are not only able to sustain themselves, but have paid away very considerable sums for the support of missionaries. This is a sort of central point for Unitarians in that region; and the fact, that such a Society exists there with such a pastor, is, of itself, an encouragement to those of a like faith in all that vicinity.

At Quincy, in Illinois, several years later, another Society was established by another minister equally devoted and efficient. But the place is comparatively small, and the Congregation even now does not usually number more than sixty or seventy. The first question that occurs to us as we hear this statement is, Whether it is really worth the while to labor to keep up a Society, which after a trial of six or eight years, is still so small! But we must remember, that through all that region are little settlements of Unitarians, who, without this little Society, would feel cut off from the sympathies of those holding a kindred faith. But now, when they visit Quincy, they find there a home for their religious sympathies. They visit Mr. Moore, and procure from him tracts and other religious publications. He too visits occasionally different settlements within thirty or forty miles and preaches to those who will hear him. So that though in no one place does he gather a congregation of more than sixty or seventy, yet in this way he is the minister of a very large and populous parish, and performs for them a very important service. We, in our thickly peopled towns and with our abundant religious privileges, can hardly understand how precious the opportunities of religious counsel and sympathy thus afforded, are to our scattered brethren there. Shall we not, then, do something for them?

The same is true of Mr. Conant's Diocese in the northern part of Illinois. So also of Chicago, though that place has not yet been so fortunate as to find a minister, with the same amount of perseverance which so remarkably distinguishes them of whom we have spoken.

There are still other places in the South and West where all that is needed to carry on a great and blessed work, is laborers worthy of of the cause. The progress must be slow; the labors arduous, often solitary and discouraging. But are there not those, who with a regard only to the advancement of Christ's kingdom are willing thus to labor? We hear of the superfluity of ministers. But where are the young men, who are willing to go forth into these distant fields;—not merely to try their inexperienced hands and prepare for more eligible places, but to labor on amid obscurity and reproach, and pass their lives in the work? Some such have gone, and their reward is in their own breast.—They have resisted calls, which promised more of comfort and present gratifications; they are wearing themselves out in their work, but they know in whom they have trusted and are willing to spend and be spent in his cause.

We have an application for a preacher at this time from a part of Mississippi, where a few of the faithful are gathered. A bare support is all that he can expect. But the field is wide, and if he should go with a wise, earnest and understanding heart, ready to give himself entirely to the work, he may find that which is better than ease or a refined literary indulgence, or life itself.

We never can spread ourselves abroad, and never ought to, nor can we prosper at home, unless the profession among us is adopted and carried out with solemn religious convictions and not as a business by which to secure a livelihood. Never, we would say to every young man who thinks of entering the ministry, never choose this work, unless you have such an idea of it that you are willing to lay down for it all hopes of worldly advancement, with every ambitious thought and health and life. You may not be called to sacrifice everything. But unless you are willing to do it, you may find yourself sadly disappointed, and you are not worthy of your calling. The words of Christ to his disciples apply with equal force to his followers now. He that loveth father and mother or houses or lands more than me is not worthy of me, and he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.

The more I give myself up to the influences which God has placed around me, the more do I feel a yearning for something beyond. The heart is not satisfied with what the eye may see. Our affections crave a more intimate union than the senses permit. The more fully we love, the less entirely does any earthly attachment fill up the soul;—the more do we long for the companionship of God. And we are not satisfied with what is beautiful and great in nature, till we rise above the outward form and feel, as it were, the breathings of that spirit through which nature lives.

Spiritual communion is, then, a want of the soul, and a want which increases with the growth and elevation of the soul. And why shall it not be answered? The animal is not permitted to pine for food, when no provision has been made in nature. The sparrow does not build its nest, nor the squirrel lay up its winter's supply, or the insect leave behind food for its posthumous offspring, through an instinct that always deceives.

HYMNS AND OTHER SACRED POETRY.

We propose to give several articles on this subject, illustrating our own few remarks by copious examples. And we may as well confess at the outset, that our object is principally to bring before our readers scraps of poetry, not generally familiar, which have done our own soul good, and which for this reason, we are inclined to think, may do good to others.

Much depends on the frame of mind in which a little poem is taken up, and we offer these essays for the most quiet hours that our readers have. We have no plan, but shall go on just as may happen, sometimes taking a particular collection, sometimes a particular author, for our text, and sometimes wandering entirely at our own sweet will.

A friend has just put into our hand a little book entitled HYMNS AND ANTHEMS, published by Charles Fox, London, 1845. It has no other title, and no word of preface or explanation. It is not so much a hymn book as a collection of choice extracts, to the number of one hundred and fifty. Some of these are familiar to us all and some of them come to us with no other familiarity than that which arises from expressions so adapted to us, that we welcome them at once as friends.

How much sweetness there is in these lines from L. E. L.

It surely is a wasted heart—
It is a wasted mind—
That seeks not in the inner world
Its happiness to find:

For happiness is like the bird
That broods above its nest,
And finds beneath its folded wings,
Life's dearest and its best.

Another—hymn we can hardly call it—from L. E. L. we find in this collection, which without the last verse—that has been added by the editor—is but too true a picture of the sensitive mind and fleeting life of its author.

The presence of perpetual change
Is ever on the earth;
To-day is only as the soil
That gives to-morrow birth.

Where stood the tower there grows the weed;
Where stood the weed, the tower;
No present hour its likeness leaves
To any future hour.

Of each imperial city, built
Far on the eastern plains,
A desert waste of tomb and sand
Is all that now remains.

Our own fair city filled with life,
May have some future day,
When power, and might, and majesty,
Will all have passed away.

But in all changes brighter things
And better have their birth;
The presence of perpetual love
Is ever on the earth.

Go watch the autumn leaves
Which the winds are strewing;
Say you that the summer grieves
O'er her joys' undoing?
Not so;
She doth know
Their fall will make her stronger grow,
Richer prime renewing.

It must be refreshing to turn from sweet but melancholy strains like these, to a Christian hymn, such as the following paraphrase from Fenelon.

Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!
Oh, what is life?
A toil, a strife,
Were it not lighted by thy love divine.
I ask not wealth,
I crave not health—
Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!

Oh, what is death?
When the poor breath
In parting can the soul to thee resign;
While patient love
Her trust doth prove—
Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!

Throughout my days,
Be constant praise
Uplift to thee from out this heart of mine:
So shall I be
Brought nearer thee—
Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!

What a plentitude of rest reposes in these six lines of a translation by Milton! Pause upon them, as if they were suspended before you by a cloud of music through which while they lie all before you, they are gently distilled like falling dews upon the soul.

In peace at once will I
Both lay we down and sleep;
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where'er I lie;
As in a rocky cell,
Thou, Lord, above, in safety mak'st me dwell.

Does not the Psalm itself come to us with a new fragrance when printed after the manner of poetry!

The Lord is my Shepherd,
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside the still waters;
He restoreth my soul.
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness,
For his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
For thou art with me—
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me,
In the presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my days,
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Indeed we never read this psalm without being reminded of Dr. Greenwood's request, that it might be sung as a part of the regular service at his funeral,—so that besides its own confiding beauty and the thousand other associations connected with it, his calm and peaceful spirit seems to be breathing through it, whenever we meet it. It brings before us too the death-bed of one more than fourscore years old, who almost with her latest breath uttered its consoling words with the assured conviction of their truth. To how many thousand hearts has it come with its heavenly consolations!

Among the sweetest hymns in this collection are several by Sarah S. Adams. The following by her is, we believe, in the service book which Mr Clarke has prepared for the Church of the disciples.

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone done,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee?

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou send'st to me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stormy griefs
Bethel I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer my God to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

We give below two others by the same author. If they have no great amount of thought and no very condensed energy of sentiment or emotion, they still speak to us in a pleasant tone.

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs, whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting loving child to thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

O! ne'er will I at life repine—
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father! thy will not mine, be done.

Part in peace! is day before us?
Praise his name for life and light;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless his care who guards the night.

Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving.
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace! such are the praises
God our Maker loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.
Hallelujah! Amen.

With this simple benediction we would dismiss our readers to-day, only hoping that what we have quoted may stir up good thoughts within them, and prepare them for another and more profitable lecture hereafter on the same volume. For such thoughts are the surest omen of future profit.

When mild winds shake the elder brake,
Then the wandering herdsmen know
That the white-thorn soon will blow:
Wisdom, Justice, love and peace,
When they struggle to increase,
Are to us as soft winds be
To shepherds' boys—a prophecy.

THANKSGIVING.

We need not remind our readers in this vicinity, that next Thursday is our Thanksgiving day, and, we trust, that it may prove so to us all. In the midst of God's mercies and blessings, let us lift up our hearts in thankfulness to him.

This is a day peculiarly set apart by custom as a family festival;—a day when the scattered members of the household are brought together; when young and old may sit around the same table, and their mutual kind affections be warmed and elevated by feelings of gratitude to Almighty God. It is a day when the absent shall be called to mind, and the wanderers shall think of home; when the dead also shall be remembered, and tears in many a household mingle with their joys. But let the thought of what we have lost draw us more closely together, and a feeling, that they whom our eyes shall no more behold, may be very nigh to us, lend a religious sanctity to the feast, subdue our sorrows and from their midst call forth a sacred joy. A strangely mingled life is this! Our strongest emotions, how closely are they allied, those seemingly most different, springing, as it were, each from the bosom of all, and all in what various tones, uniting to swell a nation's festival, as in the building of the second temple at Jerusalem, some "wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy, so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people."

But we delight in this old New England custom, handed down to us almost from the first settlement here in the wilderness. We would not turn it aside from its high purpose, but would cherish it, in our public services and our private festivities, as a family jubilee. We doubt whether the practice of many ministers in using it for political preaching, is exactly in keeping with the best objects of the day. We can hardly enter upon such topics without the appearance at least of harshness. But Thanksgiving is a day consecrated to the affections. Let it be also a day to remember the poor, and make their homes glad by dispensing to them a portion of the abundance which a kind Father has bestowed on us. And the stranger too—let him not be forgotten, but let it be a time of generous hospitality. "And thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given unto thee, and unto thy house, thou, and the Levite, and the *stranger* that is among you." "When thou hast given it unto the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, that they may eat within thy gates and be filled, then shalt thou say before the Lord, I have brought away the hallowed things out of mine house, and also have given them unto the Levite and unto the stranger, to the fatherless, and to the widow, according to all thy commandments which thou hast commanded me. Look down from thy holy habitation, from heaven, and bless thy people and the land which thou hast given us."

NEW RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

There has been no religious movement in our city, that I have looked upon with more satisfaction, than the formation of a Protestant Irish Society in our midst, and when, as I am credibly informed there are about two thousand Protestant Irish adults among us, it seems very remarkable that a movement has not been made before, to gather this portion of our citizens into one fold.

The Rev. Mr. Fisher, late of the Synod of Ulster, Ireland, who came to this country some months since, being desirous of preaching to those of his countrymen who like himself, had sought a home in this country, with the assistance of a few friends, opened a Hall in Purchase Street, a few Sabbaths since; his success far exceeded his expectations, and a larger and more central place was selected. It was my pleasure to be present at the organization of this Society on Thursday evening, at Chapman Hall in Chapman Place, out of School St., where they will for the present hold their meetings.

There were present about one hundred Protestant Irish, who seemed to be actuated in their new movement not to build up a Sectarian Church, but a true Christian Church. Some discussion arose as to what name should be given to their Society, which resulted in the choice of "*The First Independent Irish Protestant Church and Society.*"

I attended their service on Sunday afternoon last, and found the Hall entirely full of as respectable a body of persons, as was convened in any Church that day. Every one was pleased with the services of Mr. Fisher, and seemed to think it a providential circumstance that he had come among them, and looked forward to enjoy his ministry with them with great satisfaction.

At the commencement they will need some aid, and it is hoped that the friends of this movement will not let it flag for the want of means. I hope our Unitarian friends will occasionally attend the religious services of this Society, that they may from their hearts wish God-speed to a movement which is destined, as I think, to be of incalculable importance to this community.

C.

WARNING AND VENTILATING HOUSES.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER says, "an *English* work on this important subject by Dr. Wyman is favorably received, &c." Dr. Wyman is, we believe, a native of Charlestown, in this State, and is now a physician in Cambridge, where in the midst of an extensive practice he has found time to prepare this admirable work, which, if it should be studied and its directions followed, would be the means of saving hundreds of lives, to say nothing of the shattered nerves which might be restored to health.

For the Register.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Miss B.—My dear S., I am very glad you have called, for I have been wishing for some time, to have some conversation with you in regard to my class in the Sunday School. You know I have taken a class. I fear I did it without much thought, to gratify our Pastor, who seemed very desirous that I should do so, and who encouraged me to hope that, in this way, I might do some good to others, and get some good to myself. But since I have commenced teaching I have been heartily sick of it. It is an irksome, unpleasant task to meet my class.—And then the girls in my class are just the worst children I ever saw. They are from families where the parents take no sort of interest in their Sabbath lessons. They are very irregular in their attendance, and when they do come, it is not half the time that they have any lesson. I don't know what to say to them, and there they sit whispering or playing, and I sit watching and trying to check them. Now I can't see that I am doing any good, and I have more than half a mind to give up my class. Would you desire me to?

Miss S.—Why my dear B., what a dreadful story you tell; and what a sad case you make of it! But to be serious, I am very sorry to hear you speak as you do, and to learn that you are giving way to such feelings. I had rejoiced that you had taken a class, and I have been cherishing the hope that you would soon be as deeply interested as I have myself become, with this delightful work of Sabbath School instruction.

Miss B.—Become as deeply interested as you are! Well may you be interested. You have some of the best girls in the school in your class. They are almost always present, I notice. And from their appearance I should suppose that they always come with perfect lessons. If I could only have a class like yours I should feel as deeply interested I suppose as you are.

Miss S.—It is true the girls in my class are doing very well now. They appear very differently, I can assure you, from what they did when I first took charge of them. And I will frankly confess that my own feelings upon the subject are very different now from what they were, for to tell the truth, I felt soon after commencing the work very much as you now feel.

Miss B.—Did you? I am glad to hear you say that. I did not suppose any body ever felt so badly as I have. I suppose that as your class improved and grew more interested, your own interest increased. Well, perhaps my scholars will improve and become more interested. If they do, I suppose I shall myself feel a deeper interest.

Miss S.—I am afraid my dear B., if you wait to see an interest in your scholars before you become yourself interested, you will always, remain very much as you now are. I believe that it is only through increased interest on the part of the teacher, that the interest of scholars is to be increased.

Miss B.—But how can I awaken in myself an interest in this work? I am sure I can't see.

Miss S.—Let me ask you a question. Do you spend any time in making preparation to meet your class by studying carefully the lesson they are to recite?

Miss B.—By no means. Why my dear S., you don't know what small backward scholars I have, and what short simple lessons they get.—Part of the class are in the Catechism, where the answers are all pointed out in full immediately after the questions. The other part of the class have a book of questions upon the New Testament, with references to the chapters and verses where the answers are to be found. All that I have to do is to hear them repeat the answers set down or referred to, and see that they do it accurately. And certainly there is no need of my studying the lessons in order to do that.—For I can look at the answers in the book directly before me. And surely you would not have me commit the answers to memory in order to hear those little children recite.

Miss S.—I perceive from your account of your class, that you have very much such scholars as mine were, when I first took charge of them.—My scholars are from very much such families as yours are. They were studying the same books that yours are studying. At first they were not interested, they were irregular in their attendance and were often without lessons. If you wish, I will tell you what course I have taken, and which has proved successful, at least in some degree, both in deepening my own interest, and in awakening the interest of my pupils.

Miss B.—If you will only do that, I will be all attention. And who knows but I may get some hint that will direct me the right way to become myself a good teacher yet.

Miss S.—My first step was to study the lesson myself, so as to feel prepared to meet my class with pleasure. The way in which I studied my lesson was thus—I took the Catechism and looked carefully over the lesson to see what I knew or what I could say adapted to interest children upon the subject to which the questions [illegible] I would call to mind an interesting anecdote, which would illustrate the lesson to interest the scholars. Sometimes I would suppose a case, involving the principle of the lesson, with a question for the scholars to decide as to the right course of conduct to be pursued. In this way I always endeavored to come to them with something new and fresh of my own, adapted to illustrate the lesson and enforce it more deeply upon their minds, while at the same time, it interested them more deeply in the exercises of the Sabbath School. Then I took the questions upon the New Testament and read over the portions of scripture to which the lessons related. And there I found a vast fund of materials for interesting conversation with my scholars. I found a great variety of facts and events and allusions in addition to those referred to in the questions, which my scholars always seemed pleased to have me relate to them. And almost every event involved some principles either of God's government, or of man's duty, from which I could draw instructions adapted to make a good moral impression.

[To be Continued.]

[At the request of the writer we publish the following communication though we do not think it necessary.]

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For the Register.

MR. EDITOR,—There is such a thing as oversolicitude to speak tenderly of opponents, be their title slender as it will; and to me it seems that this infirmity, if you will pardon the freedom, has ensnared you in the last Register. Few probably of your habitual readers have seen the recent attack upon Mr. Palfrey in the Watchman; but all who have, can there be a doubt, will lament that having stooped to make mention of it at all, you should have dismissed it in so slight a manner and with a good-nature running to excess. It is truly unique in its way, and it is to be hoped, may for some considerable time remain so. Your weekly task makes you sufficiently familiar, through half an hundred papers, with the heart-burnings and hard words of sectarian strife; but when have you lighted before on so unprovoked an effusion of wormwood and venom as that in question? Though you perhaps thought such terms too strong to apply, you will hardly venture to arraign them from another's pen, as outstripping the truth. But the Register sees fit to add,—as if a needful offset to its very slight rebuke—that the assault of the Watchman did not comport with the usual manner and temper of that paper, and even speaks, (if my memory serves,) of having entertained for it, respect &c. Your optics may be quicker than mine to discern these amiable points; but to me it was quite new that any such shock had been hereby given to its prevalent character. If you have any doubt upon that score, let me call your attention to a paragraph, three weeks, perhaps, earlier in the same print,—that too aimed at Mr. P. and the exact counterpart in all points, of the one to which you allude. It was called forth by the congressional nomination in Middlesex, and without doubt, the credit of it belongs to the same head, heart and pen. We are there told, either expressly or by insinuation, that Mr. P., in changing his profession, had shown himself to be a man without sincerity, and who had forfeited all title to public confidence. This is pretty well; but—improving and warming as he does by practice—is wholly outdone in this last ebullition of savageness. Here, the Tract on the Slave Power, (which does not extort from this writer the faintest word of praise, and whose generous spirit and aim were obviously wholly lost upon him) is styled—what, reader, should you think? Why, *an electioneering pamphlet!* It is not easy calmly to comment on so dastardly an epithet; and one feels humbled in spending paper or time, little as it needs of either, in exposing imputations even more absurd than base. Mr. Palfrey's papers in the Whig appeared (as there are few but know) long before Mr. Thompson signified his purpose to withdraw from Congress; and of course, before there was or could be any thought of a successor. Whether they were collected into their present form by the author or by others, it is not worth the pains to inquire. If the first, Mr. P., we trust, has better business than the vindicating his purity of motive against one poor, forlorn libeller; while such is the all-engrossing interest of the subject-matter at the present hour, that it could not have long been left undone. Let it however just be supposed, for the sake of argument, that Mr. P. had received at a very early day, private advices that the field would be open for him. This writer excepted,—is there man or woman beside, capable of conceiving that these numbers would not otherwise have been penned? With the same reserve,—is there any who does not see, who does not catch the *con amore* feeling which pervade them from the first page to the last? in a word, any eyes but his, keen enough to trace in them the hand of a political intriguer;—of a doer of work "for a consideration," in hand or expectancy? Ingenuous natures do not go down into such depths for what lies upon the surface; nor grope about to find a foul motive, when the true one comes spontaneously to every tongue. For all such it quite suffices, that Mr. P. has now for a long time been among the foremost and most earnest champions of human rights. They who think there is no unfailing, universal expounder, like depravity,—much comfort may it give them. We recal in this connection, the worthier spirit of another religious contemporary. The Boston Recorder but very lately made a copious extract from the History of the Slave Power, prefaced with a few words of fitting commendation; and is it not safe to assume, there was but one Journal in the city of any faith, that would not promptly disown the paternity of the article in question?

In animadverting, Mr. Editor, upon this assailant, you wonder what he could mean, or know not what to make of such a paragraph,—the exact phrase I cannot vouch for, as your paper is not at hand. There seemed to you, in a word, to be something unexplainable in it. Certainly yours cannot be a solitary impression. He who will for a little while examine and compare these singular thrusts—such as we have seen, in temper and language,—repeated at so short an interval—without any visible inducement—must come to the same mind. The suspicion will be inevitable (call it rather, conviction,) that the secret cause lies deeper than any mere *odium theologicum;* without however for a moment calling in question, the writer's title to as large a share of that attractive grace, as any individual can, in reason, be expected to monopolize. Some "private grief" or grudge, too deep for our detection is obviously at work; and which will find or make a vent for itself as often as it can. Let the writer then be prompt and watchful to catch the occasions as they rise. Let him cheer up, for one is already at the door. Before these strictures can be read, the election will be put at rest:—whether happily, we are less sure than we are, that the district, if it wait to find a more efficient or accomplished representative, will long be vacant. But *in any event* the enemy will be accommodated, in so far that the chance yet remains for another poisonous shaft. Still we have no great fear but that Mr. Palfrey will survive it, even though meant to clinch his failure at this time; and whenever he shall succeed, as we are sure he is destined to do at an after day, then those who have voted against him, may betake themselves to the Watchman and find solace in its columns.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR,—I send you the following extracts from a discourse that I preached yesterday, which if you think proper you may insert in the Register. The death of the young man (Mr. Ball) was noticed in your last number but one. The discourse was addressed to young men from Titus xi. 6.

The death of an estimable young man,—one born and nurtured here,—one who, with respectable talents, an earnest purpose and a high aim, was seeking under the fostering care of our honored University, to qualify himself for the work that was given him to do,—this event is in itself an eloquent and heart-stirring appeal to young men. That he would have done a good work, had the opportunity been given, who can entertain a doubt! For that he aimed to live a true life, recognizing the great truth, overlooked or thrust aside by so many young men, that "no man liveth to himself," and that it was his desire and purpose and ambition to accomplish his mission—to do the work that was given him to do—will be admitted, without an opposing voice, by all who intimately knew him. He is remembered here, as one would desire to be remembered, with an affectionate respect, by his schoolmates and associates and friends, as one, of whose sincerity and trustworthiness no one entertained a suspicion. As a son and a brother he was a light of the household. As a pupil and afterwards as a teacher, he contributed his share to the prosperity of the Sunday School. And at our social religious meetings, both in the parlor and vestry, as well as in the house of God, he manifested an interest and evidently found pleasure and profit.

Honorable testimony is also borne to his worth in other places where he has had a temporary home. Beloved by his classmates, esteemed by the officers of the institution, with which he was connected; having many friends and I think not one enemy, he died universally lamented.

The death of such young men is a public loss. We feel—this is the first thought that suggests itself—that we call ill afford to spare such.—We want their services. We want an additional supply. The faithful, the right-minded, the true hearted, are too few already. We feel sad and disheartened when the number is diminished.

This I say is our first thought; but the after thought does not linger far behind. It is this: As "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," and as a luxuriant harvest comes from the seed that falls into the ground and dies, so the death of a wise and religious young man will awaken the desire, the purpose, the determination in other young men to enter the vineyard and to do the work from which he was so early called.

Shall this hope be fulfilled? Will our young men seek to earn as fair a title to respect and confidence as, by general consent, was possessed by him whose sudden death has occasioned so much grief and regret?

This—as I interpret it—is the purport, the special mission designed to be accomplished by this event. It is a loud and earnest call to young men—to young men here where he was known—a call to serious and religious thought "to be sober-minded." It should teach you, young men, that you were made for some higher end than to eat and drink, to gain riches and honors, and then to die as the cattle die, or as the vile weed perishes. It should teach you that when God put his spirit into you, he meant that you should be spiritual beings, and that when he gave you his well beloved Son, he meant that you should believe in him and through faith in his name, attain to that true life, over which disease, decay, death itself, has no power; that life, which, being begun here, goes on uninterruptedly, in a higher sphere, so long as "being last or immortality endures."

And there is another consideration which is full of comfort and peace. It is this: to one who lives a true life death never comes out of due time. However brief the term, he who has given his heart to God and is found watching and waiting, is ready for the coming of his Lord.

Peaceful and with a joyful hope this young man met the summons. Fitting and beautiful were the words which, like inspiration, fell from his dying lips. Strong was the testimony he bore to the worth of that precious faith, which he cherished to the last. Let his example stimulate and encourage other "young men to be also sober-minded."

Northboro', Nov 9, 1846.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR,—When I was a young man, (I am now old) just inquiring after truth, with an anxious desire to be a true Christian, nothing perplexed me more, than the various and opposite definitions of *faith*, of that which justifies.—The writers I then read of were principally of the Calvinistic school, and their definitions were such as the following:—Faith, says one, is believing that Christ died for me in particular;—another says, it is the appropriating the merits of Christ to myself;—a third, faith is trust in the merits and atonement of Christ for salvation. These various definitions, and others which it would be easy to mention, utterly confounded me, and kept me long in a state of painful uncertainty. At length, as by mere accident, I came into possession of a book, which asserted and proved from the Scriptures that faith is belief, and belief is faith. And that faith in Christ, and believing in Christ were identical, and the terms convertible. This set my mind at liberty. From that time to the present, at least fifty years ago, I have maintained that faith as an act of the mind is believing and nothing more. All that is ascribed to faith, more than believing, arises from calling that faith which is really an effect of faith. Believing in Christ, or his Gospel, is not that dead thing, which some people suppose; but the most active and efficacious principle in the mind. When persons profess to believe the Gospel and live in sin, I assert, that they don't believe at all in the true sense of that word. Faith or belief is always true to itself. Will a man sit calmly still, if he is told that his house is on fire, if he *believes* the person who asserts it?

I should not have troubled you, Mr. Editor, with these thoughts, had I not perceived a disposition in some of our writers to bring us back to the old Calvinistic and mystical notions of faith, which can serve no other purpose than to perplex humble inquirers after truth. I have lately seen two Essays, one I think in the *Religious Magazine*, and the other in the *Christian Examiner*, "On Justification by Faith," in which belief is thought very little of, but faith is represented as of great importance, and as the effect of believing the Gospel, rather than identical with it. The writer in the Examiner has this remarkable passage. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, &c.," and then adds, "but believing, however necessary, is not faith, but rather the instrument of faith." Again he says, "Faith is the inward power by which the spirit, roused to action by various motives, draws within itself the influence that comes from God through Christ &c." What does this mean?

Faith, in the New Testament, is sometimes used for the *object* of faith. Thus "a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith," that is, the Gospel. "Contend earnestly for the faith, which was once delivered to the saints." It is sometimes used for fidelity &c.; but when spoken of as a duty of man, it generally, if not always, has the same import as believing.

If any one will examine the New Testament, he will find that the same effects which are ascribed to faith, are also connected with the belief of the Gospel. And that the *same* blessings which are conferred upon those who have faith, are bestowed upon those who believe the Gospel. Thus it appears, that so far as the act is ours, they are identical.

Thus, to the believer is promised the forgiveness *of sins*; (Acts x. 43.)—Justification; (Acts xiii. 38. 39.)—Salvation; (Mark xvi. 16, Acts xvi. 31, Rom. x. 9,)—and Eternal Life, (John iii. 16.) To the believer Christ is precious; his belief brings him "joy and peace," yea, "joy unspeakable and full of glory," and obtains for him, the dignity of a *son of God*. 1 Pet. ii. 7. Rom. xv. 13, 1 Pet. i. 8, John i. 12.

Thus you see that all the glorious blessings promised in the Gospel, are conferred upon those who believe it. Let no one, then, undervalue the belief of the Gospel, or attach any mysterious or metaphysical importance or meaning to the word faith, in connection with the Christian life and its blessings. JACOBUS.

For the Register.

A NEW SOCIETY IN MONTPELIER, VT.

My Dear Brother; I have lately paid a visit to Montpelier, Vt. with the purpose of aiding in the formation of a Unitarian Society. It is to be regretted that an effort was not earlier made for this purpose. Many of those who would have joined our body are now perhaps permanently incorporated in the Episcopal Church established some four or five years ago. We are not unfrequently in these matters a day too late. I think we must be the children of light, for certainly we have not the wisdom of the children of this world. However a spirit of determination is now manifested to carry forward the work to its completion. Services during the day and evening were held in the Methodist chapel on the 8th inst. and fully attended. Tracts were distributed, and a general interest expressed in behalf of a more liberal and scripural faith. On the following day a business meeting was held, and a committee raised to solicit subscriptions for the erection of a church. A society will be immediately organized, and the prospect is now favorable for the formation of a good one. It is earnestly hoped that our friends abroad will feel an interest in this new movement in the flourishing capitol of Vt., and will, when the time comes, be ready to aid them, as they will probably be obliged to do, in the prosecution of their plans. It is not merely a sectarian zeal. Many who now do not attend church at all, or but unfrequently, would unite with a church of rational and liberal views.

Nov. 16, 1846. A. A. L.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CONGREGATIONAL ALMANAC.

This may be a valuable Almanac to those whom it concerns, but it is not what its title would lead us to suppose. Most of the oldest and strongest Congregational Societies in Massachusetts are wholly omitted, as for example,—The First Congregational Societies in Plymouth, Roxbury, Dorchester, Boston, Salem, New Bedford, Lancaster, Northboro' &c., &c.

MARRIED LIFE, by Mrs. Follen.

We are glad to see that a new edition of this very interesting work is now published, and commend it to those who wish for light on the important subject on which it treats.

THE INVESTIGATOR AND ADVOCATE OF INDEPENDENCE. Published at Washington, D. C.

We are glad to see a work, taking so independent a stand in religious matters published in the Capitol.

THE ISLAND BRIDE AND OTHER POEMS, by James F. Coleman.

We took this volume up with a feeling, we may say, of compassion for the amiable young man, who had so far committed himself as to publish it, and pictured to ourselves the disappointment that must inevitably await him. By way of relief we read a few stanzas of the fugitive pieces, and, as we saw what they were, began to take breath. Still we could not but ask, who would have courage to read the long poem of nine Cantos, arranged in a sort of Spenserean panoply, which effectually secures all but poems of a very high order of merit, from being ever looked into with care? With this feeling we opened at the fourth Canto barely to glance at it, and greatly to our surprise found that we had reached the end. We then turned back to the beginning of the story, and whatever may have been the cause, the fact is, that we laid down the book with a very decided impression, that we knew of no American poem so long as this, which is throughout sustained so well, and at so high an elevation. We were fortunate in not beginning at the beginning.—All but half a dozen stanzas of the first two Cantos might be cast away with advantage. They contain fine passages, but, we fear, will deter many from reading what follows, which is an interesting story, gracefully told, and rising often to poetry of a very high and beautiful character. The versification is easy and musical—remarkably finished; the imagery is often bold and original, the sentiment pure and Christian. The character of Columbus—a perilous undertaking for any but high poetical powers—is kept up where it should be, and exhibits throughout the high enthusiasm which belonged to him. The picture of the Island Bride, her innocent delight and her despair, are very fine. So also is the picture of Leona, the betrothed of Alphonso and afterwards the bride of heaven. We can make no abstract or extracts which would give a fair idea of the poem. It must be read entire, or with the omission of the first Canto.

For the Register.

OBITUARY.

Died in Taunton, 23d ult., Miss Nancy Vickery, aged 69.

Few are the words,
Which tell another hath passed away
To join the congregation of the dead.
How oft the stranger's eye doth read, and turn
With careless heart, from such familiar words.
But to the hearts which knew and loved thee well,
Aged and faithful servant of thy God!
Come with that simple record, thronging thoughts
Of vanished years,—most blessed memories.
And though, within the quiet of thy home,
Thou didst not ask the praise that comes from men,
It is not meet, now that thy task is done,
That thou shouldst pass away, unnamed, unpraised of us.

I knew thee only when disease
Had bound its iron chain around thy form,
Leaving thee helpless as a very child.
Long years of suffering days and weary nights
Were the sad gift of thy humanity.
And yet how radiant with peace thy face!
Thy brow the placid grace of childhood wore,
Thine eye, the unextinguished light of youth.
What must have been the might of Faith within,
Which took from pain its sting, and made disease
The Angel of a Father's holiest love
Unto his trusting child.

Such was thy life!
A weary struggle, such as few can know,
And anguish, passing human lips to tell.
Yet on thy tongue, no murmur of complaint,
Nor one rebellious thought within the heart,
Which bowed so meekly to thy Father's will.
God laid his chastening hands upon thy frame
And the still answer of thy heart was *praise*.
I never saw thee, but I seemed to touch
The unseen robe of some celestial guest,
And hear the music of some seraph harp.

Such was thy life. Thy death! Ah! they alone,
Who saw thy spirit take its upward flight,
Can tell the rapture of that closing hour;
The peace ineffable, the faith divine,
Which bore thee o'er death's deep and swelling stream.

The tender infant blooms, and fades away,
While blessed spring flowers typify its life.
Rejoicing youth sinks to its early grave,
And fond affection weeps, and weeps in vain.
Exulting manhood, matron grace, are called
From happy homes and tender, loving hearts,
That mourn in bitterness of grief. But oh!
When years of suffering have sanctified
God's will unto his aged servant's heart,
And made the Christian ripe for his reward,
What death more precious? what more glorified?

Farewell! Thou faithful servant of the Lord!
Long as we bear thy image in our hearts,
Teach us the lessons, suffering taught to thee;—
Patience to bear far lighter ills than thine,
Trust in the darker hours that come to all,
And might, through him on whom thy soul was stayed,
To meet once more in Heaven.

Y. L. E.

Rev. Mr. Eliot, of St. Louis, has been obliged, on account of his health, to leave his people for a time. Rev. William O. White of Salem, is to supply his pulpit for the winter. Mr. White seems to have found his journey not altogether free from perils. The following account we take from the Salem Gazette.

"The boat struck a snag while backing in, in order to get out of a place where she had stopped to wood about 20 miles from St Louis. The jar was very slight so as not to awaken attention, until it was perceived that the boat was filling. The water was 25 or 30 feet deep where she struck, but they worked the machinery so as to get her upon a sand bar, where the water was 9 or 10 feet aft, and 5 at the bow. The stern of the boat settled and sank as far as it would go, but the bow remained fast in the more shoal water, so as to allow the passengers to disembark. There was less confusion than might have been expected, although there was apprehension of danger from the possibility that before the passengers were landed, the boat, although then fast on the bar, might be loosened by the action of the sand and the swift current, and slip back into the deeper water it had just left. But this did not occur. The operation of landing the passengers took two hours, as there was only one boat besides the yawl, a long boat, which itself could only take 10 or 12 at a time. After walking half a mile across the sand beach on the Missouri Side, the passengers found a comfortable house, where they were kindly accommodated. Immediately upon their arrival, the passengers united in prayer; and grateful for their deliverance, prepared to spend the night stretched on the floor, or sitting up by a blazing wood fire.

The boat was secured to the shore that evening by a hawser, and some of the crew and officers remained on board. At 8 o'clock the next morning the Roscoe, (from Cincinnati to St. Louis,) took most of the passengers to the city. The Tonnaleuka will not be got off, but most of her cargo, and her cabin furniture will be saved.

*** The Thursday Lecture was preached this week, by Mr. Edward Capen, late of the Theological School, from Romans xiv. 5. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." Subject,—Religious Toleration.

ORDINATION AT STERLING. Mr Thos. Prentiss Allen, of the class which graduated from the Divinity School this year, was ordained as Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Sterling, on Wednesday last, 18th inst. The order of Exercises was as follows.

Anthem; Introductory Prayer by Rev. S. H. Winkley, of Boston; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. H. Withington, of Leominster; Original Hymn; Sermon, by Rev. George Putnam, D. D., of Roxbury; Original Hymn; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. C. Lincoln, of Fitchburg; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. J. H. Allen, of Jamaica Plain; Charge, by Rev. Joseph Allen, of Northboro'; Original Hymn; Address to the People, by Rev. Alonzo Hill, of Worcester; Concluding Prayer, by the Rev. James Kendall, D. D., of Plymouth; Anthem; Benediction, by the Pastor.

The Sermon, from Luke, iv: 16, was on the Church, the Sabbath and the Bible.

ELOCUTION. We would call the attention of those who would improve their elocution to the advertisement of Mr. Cronin. He has been a teacher to some of our best public speakers, and they think highly of his skill.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

FROM EUROPE. The Great Western arrived at N. Y., Monday night, 12 o'clock, from Liverpool 31st ult.

The Acadia, arrived at this port Tuesday morning at 1-2 past 9 o'clock from Liverpool, the 4th inst., having accomplished the passage in 12 3-4 days, including the detention at Halifax.

The Liverpool Cotton market has again improved upon the advices taken out by the Hibernia and Great Western.

The Corn markets were not quite so animated, and a slight decline in prices had taken place.

Trade in the manufacturing districts continues dull, and many of the manufacturers are working short time.

Parliament has been further prorogued to the 12th day of January.

The Paris papers contain copious details of the disastrous effects of inundations throughout the centre, the west, and the south-west of France.

Another formidable revolutionary movement has commenced in Portugal, which threatens to be very serious in its results.

The Times of the 3d inst., states that the relations between the French and British governments were becoming hourly less friendly, on account of the Montpensier marriage question.

WESLEYANS IN ENGLAND. The Wesleyan Conference, (says a London paper,) extends over the whole of England, with 1685 ministers, 15,000 local preachers, 30,000 leaders, stewards, and trustees, 313 members, and perhaps 2,000,000 hearers.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS. The arrangement for the exchange of the officers and crew of the U. S. brig Truxtun for Gen. Vega and other Mexican officers, has been confirmed at Washington, and orders have been issued for the discharge from their parole of Gen. Vega and his companions.

COMMUNITY DISSOLVED. We understand that the "Community," or "Northampton Industrial Association," have given up ship. They dissolved last week by a formal vote, and one of their number, Mr. Hill, it is stated, has taken the property and assumes the debts. We have for a long time expected such an event. The company had dwindled down to a pretty small number. [Northampton Gazette.

OPERATION OF THE TELEGRAPH. The Albany Argus observes that the result of the late election in the city of Buffalo was known in Albany before the vote of a single ward in that city had been counted, and before the votes of the whole city had been canvassed, the results had been received from Rochester, Auburn, Syracuse, Rome, Utica, Troy, and the city of New York—indicating, beyond contingency, the result in the State at large.

BERLIN PUBLIC GARDEN. The King of Prussia, whose botanical and horticultural pursuits supply him with his most favorite relaxation from the cares of Royalty, has conferred on the inhabitants of the capital a truly Royal boon. His Majesty, it is said, intends to devote the sum of £120,000 out of his own private purse, to the formation of a covered garden of extensive dimensions in the centre of Berlin, to serve as a public promenade in the winter season.

In Frankfort, recently, on the corners of the streets beside the theatre bills which invited the public to hear Jenny Lind at monstrous prices, there were posted hand-bills with the present prices of bread. A bitter irony, indeed! [Schnellpost.

JOURNAL FOR COACHMEN. In Paris there are already Journals for Milliners, Tailors, Hatters, Butchers, and other trades. The list of these useful papers is now increased by a Coachman's Journal, of which the first number has just appeared under the title of the *Fiacre*. "The object we have in view," says the prospectus of the new enterprise, "and which we shall endeavor to attain, is to improve coachmen, and to make them acquainted with the duties they owe to the public by which they are paid." [Ibid.

FRENCH LADIES AND THEIR DOMESTICS. The lady mistress of a French family often sits in her kitchen and talks to her maids, and such is the reciprocal attachment between the heads of the family and their domestics, that lengthened servitude is very common. Small annuities are often left to faithful dependants, and, if a servant marries in service, a dinner is generally provided by the master or mistress, who entertain the bridal party with the utmost hospitality.

RUSSIA. One of the sons of Schamil, hero of the Caucasus, was taken prisoner some years ago, when only eight years old, by the Russians. The Emperor had him brilliantly educated at the military school, where he was considered one of the best pupils. He never spoke of his father, and appeared to have forgotten his birthplace. His comrades and professors were ignorant of his origin, and he was known by a name different from his own. He left the military school last July, and was sent as lieutenant to the regiment of Finland. A month back he suddenly disappeared, leaving a letter for his colonel, in which he informed him of his birth, and declared that, though young, he had never forgotten his native country, and that he was going to join his father and brothers. This news caused a great sensation. The young Schamil, who is eighteen years of age, was much beloved by his fellow pupils, who at present cannot help admiring the patience and courage with which he endured his lot for so long a time. It is supposed that he had succeeded in reaching Sweden. A family of rich Finland peasants have been arrested on suspicion of having favored his escape.

PROFESSOR SCHONBEIN'S GUN COTTON.—We yesterday witnessed a series of very interesting experiments upon this new explosive substance, which were conducted by its learned inventor, Professor Schonbein, of Basle University, in presence of Sir James W. Hogg, chairman of the East India Company, and a number of scientific gentlemen, in the grounds attached to Mr. Barron's establishment, at Stanmore. It may not be uninteresting to the public that we should state some of the characteristic properties of the gun cotton. First of all, in its degree of inflammability it surpasses gunpowder itself. This was shown most satisfactorily, the combustion being so instantaneous and complete that a heated platinium wire ignited the gun cotton placed upon gunpowder without exploding the latter. The gun cotton being ignited does not produce any perceptible smoke or smell, and leaves little or no trace of residuum. It may be ignited by all the means employed to explode gunpowder; while immersion in water produces no deteriorating effect in substance. To prove this, a piece of the cotton, (which, it should be observed, retains after preparation all the ordinary properties of cotton wool,) was exhibited, which had been immersed in water for sixty hours, and being dried, possessed the same degree of inflammability as gun cotton which had not undergone immersion. The experiments to exhibit the applicability of this explosive material to firearms were eminently successful, and excited the admiration of all who were present. A rifle charged with fifty-four grains and a half of gunpowder sent a ball through seven boards half an inch each in thickness, at a distance of forty yards; the same gun charged with forty grains of the cotton, sent the ball into the eighth board. On a subsequent trial with a fresh rifle, at ninety yards, forty grains of cotton carried the ball through eight boards. [London Times.

*** We take the following communication from the Advertiser, because in aiding its circulation we aid the cause of good morals. In a city, to provide healthful and innocent recreations, is indirectly at least, to advance the positive virtues.

PUBLIC GARDEN.

At the annual meeting of the Proprietors of the Boston Botanic or Public Garden, Messrs. George Gardner, Charles H. Mills, Charles F. Barnard, Samuel E. Guild, and J. Warren Appleton were appointed Trustees, Edward S. Rand, Secretary, and Andrew T. Hall, Treasurer.

Considerable progress has been made in the Garden during the past season. Still further improvements are commenced or contemplated. A new fence, from a design by Billings, has been erected upon Charles street. This will be continued without delay upon Boylston street, and eventually upon the Western Avenue. A grant of several additional acres of land has been made to the Proprietors upon the same terms as the original grant or vote of the Common Council of Nov. 6, 1837. The principal point in this is that the City Government retain the right of property, in the land. No possible objection can be made to such reservation. As a part of the Common, or a portion of the Public Lands, the titles should forever rest in the City Government, or rather the People of Boston. The obvious and only course of the Trustees is to make such a use of the land as shall appear to be useful and acceptable to the community. For the last two years the gates have been open on all common occasions without any charge. This year they have been open also upon the Sabbath. No fee hereafter is ever to be taken for admission, except upon a few public days, when music or other attractions will be provided both for the public gratification and for the benefit of the Garden. All common current expenses, it has been found, can be met in this way. For other expenses the conductors of the grounds will not appeal in vain to our intelligent and liberal citizens.

The general purposes of the managers are these;—to extend and improve the walks;—to increase very greatly the plantations, with a particular reference to the introduction of American trees, shrubs, and plants;—to place large and fine geological specimens upon the ground; to print a descriptive catalogue and prepare accompanying labels for every thing of interest in the garden;—to fit up a suitable place of exercise and amusement for children;—to introduce fountains, pavilions, vases, statues, &c.—to prepare eventually for a public museum, gallery, conservatory, and all other means of enlightening the public mind, refining the public taste, and elevating the public sentiments, or pleasing and benefitting the people. An excellent gardener has been secured who will also introduce a Green House and a Nursery. The former will prove attractive in winter. The latter will be made both to stock the garden itself and to supply all the public grounds of the city with a variety of elegant or useful trees, shrubs, &c. The Committee upon Commons and Malls have entered into an arrangement of this kind that will be highly advantageous to the city.

Should such purposes as these meet with the favor that they would seem to deserve, it will be very easy to secure them and add others to them.

No pains and no expense are now spared in the old world to provide and furnish such grounds. Mr. Strutt, an eminent cotton manufacturer of Derby, led the way with $50,000 for a Public Garden of half the size of that in our city; Mr. Yates of Liverpool, has contributed within the past year $250,000 to a similar object for that city. Another gentleman for one of the interior towns, and the Duke of Norfolk for Sheffield, are emulating their example. And the last accounts from Prussia report an outlay of $600,000 from the private resources of the King, for a Public Winter Garden at Berlin. Our city has taken the first step in the new world. We have no doubt that, both in public and private, it will be so well sustained and seconded as to become an honor to Boston, and a pattern to all her sister cities.

ELIHU BURRITT AT EXETER. One of the most crowded and most respectable meetings ever held in this city, says the Western Times, took place on the 9th inst., at the subscription rooms, to welcome Elihu Burritt to this city and to listen to an address from him on the subject of universal brotherhood. The meeting was appointed for half past 7 o'clock, but before that hour the large room was crowded to excess by persons of every grade in politics, and every religious denomination. Clergymen of the establishment, and dissenting ministers, the members of the liberal professions, and the elite of the city, were present, and before eight o'clock hundreds had gone away unable to obtain admission.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, viz:—

From the Ladies of the Unitarian Society in Augusta, Me., to constitute their pastor, Rev. S. Judd, a Life member,	$30 00
From Auxiliary Association in Rev. Dr. Putnam's Society, Roxbury,	60 00
From Auxiliary Association in Taunton,	60 00
From Rev. P. Smith, of Pembroke, 2 years subscription,	2 00
From Rev. Mr. Hall's Society, Dorchester,	135 05
From Rev. Mr. Coolidge's Society, Boston,	122 81
From Edward Renouf, Esq., for missionary purposes,	20 00
From Wm. C. Shaw Esq., of Baltimore, by Rev. E. B. Hall,	30 00
From Mr. Asa Millett, of Mattapoisett,	1 00
From Auxiliary Association in Rev. Mr. Huntington's Society, Boston,	100 21
From Francis Perkins Esq., of Fitchburg, to constitute himself a Life member,	30 00
From Auxiliary Association in Petersham,	17 00
From Society in East Boston,	10 00
From Jas. Fowler Esq., of Westfield,	20 00
From Society at Windsor Vt., for Agents expenses,	10 00
For Agents expenses to Worcester,	3 00
From Auxiliary Association in Canton,	9 00
From Auxiliary Association in Medfield,	10 00
From Auxiliary Association, in Rev. Mr. Coolidge's Society, Boston,	48 00
From Auxiliary Association in Rev. Mr. Bartlett's Society, Marblehead,	9 00
From Auxiliary Association in Brunswick, N. J.,	10 00
From members of do. (donation,)	7 00
From Auxiliary Association in Belfast,	23 00
From Auxiliary Association in Montague,	12 00
From Auxiliary Association in Kingston,	20 00
From Auxiliary Association in Peterboro',	10 00
From Auxiliary Association in Concord, N. H.,	9 00
From Auxiliary Association in Cohasset,	16 00
From Rev. Mr. Crosby's Society, Charlestown, N. H.,	21 26
From Ladies' Benevolent Society, do.,	15 00

NOTICE.

Subscribers for the Christian Register, to whom bills have been sent will confer a particular favor on the Proprietor, by paying the amount to their respective Post Masters, and taking a receipt and forwarding it to him by mail. A proper form of Receipt is given below.

POST OFFICE, (Town,) (State,)
(Month,) (Date,) 184 .

Received of (A. B.) —— dollars —— cents for his subscription to the Christian Register, payable to the Publisher by the Post Master of Boston, Mass., on presentation of this Receipt, duly endorsed.

$—— C. D.,
n14 tf Post Master.

☞ J. B. GOUGH will deliver an Address on the subject of Temperance next Sabbath evening, in the Tremont Temple at 7 o'clock. This being positively the last time Mr Gough will be able to lecture in this city before he goes to Virginia, it is expected the occasion will be one of more than usual interest to the friends of humanity, all are invited to attend.

Admittance 12½ cents.

M. GRANT, Pres. B. T. A. Soc'y.
F. R. WOODWARD, Sec'y. n21

☞ REV. CHARLES SPEAR will preach on the Treatment of the Criminal in the Rev Mr Huntoon's Church in Canton, next Sabbath. n21

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Frederick Wright to Miss Mary Jane Prince; Mr. Albion P Bessey to Mrs. Rosina W. Walker.

On Sunday, at the Stone Chapel, by Rev. Dr. Parkman, Mr. Francis P. Wells to Miss Mary Ann F. Smith, daughter of Martin Smith.

In North Chelsea, (Point Shirley,) 12th inst., by Rev Norwood Damon, Mr Edward Magee to Miss Caroline S. Tewksbury, daughter of John W. Tewksbury, Esq., all of N. C.

In Charlestown, by Rev. M. Hawes, Mr. Francis P. Rogers to Miss Mercy Folsom; Mr. George Munn to Miss Catharine Maloy; Mr. Herman Linstet to Miss Sarah McGee.

In Salem, 8th inst., Mr. Henry A. Colburn, to Miss Rebecca A. Hiltz.

In Danvers, Mr. James F. McIntire to Miss Margaret Symmes; Mr. Robbins Raymond to Miss Elizabeth Shaw.

In Charlestown, 8th inst, by Rev. I. J. Wetherbee, Mr. Nathaniel W. Jefferson, to Miss A. Barrett, both of C.

In Worcester, Nov. 4th, by Rev. Mr. Bridge, Mr. Leonard Ware, of Worcester, to Miss Elizabeth A., daughter of the late Col. George Moore.

In Boylston, Nov. 2d, by Rev. Wm. H. Sandford, Mr. Alphony Seaver, of Worcester, to Miss Eliza J. Wright, of Farmington, Me.

In Marlborough, Nov. 2d, by Rev. Mr. Allen of Northboro', Mr. William A. Rich to Miss Mary Ann Dalrymple.

In Ipswich, by Rev. Mr. Kimball, Mr. Albert Stoddard, of South Braintree, to Miss Adeline Potter, of Ipswich.

In Newburyport, Capt. John M. Coffin to Miss Eliza Williams.

In Newbury, by Rev. Horatio Merrill, Mr. B. Abbott Follansbee to Miss Alme Hall, daughter of the late Ebenezer Poore, Esq., all of West Newbury.

In Amesbury, by Rev. J. B. Hadley, Mr. James R. Blake, of Salisbury, to Miss Mary Jane Goodrich, of Amesbury.

In Haverhill, Mr. Harrison H. Lake to Miss Deborah A. Newcomb; Mr. Henry A. Bodwell, of Methuen, to Miss Myra J. Day, of Boxford.

In Kingston, Nov. 8th, by Rev. A. R. Pope, Mr. W. F. Donley, of Plymouth, to Miss Mary S. Holmes, of Kingston; 15th, Mr. C. H. Sampson to Miss Kezia Cook, both of Kingston; 17th, Joseph S. Beal, Esq., to Miss Pamelia, daughter of Mr. Joseph Holmes, all of Kingston.

In Northampton, 2d inst., Francis H. Dewey, Esq., of Worcester, son of Judge Dewey, to Miss Frances A., only daughter of John Clark, Esq., of N.

In Belgrade, Maine, Mr. Enos Wilder, of North Bridgewater, to Miss Emily T. Packard, of B.

In Portland, 6th inst., by Rev. Dr. Nichols, Horace Brooks, Esq., of New York, to Miss Mary O., daughter of the late Andrew L. Emerson.

DEATHS.

In this city Nov. 18th, Mrs. Louisa McKecknie, 32.

In Fitchburg, 9th inst., Miss Elizabeth Pride, 34.

In Malden, 27th ult., Mrs. Hannah Rich, 80 years 10 months.

In South Boston, 7th inst., Caroline L. M., wife of William A. Bowder, and daughter of William Horn, of Watertown, 20.

In Chelsea, 6th inst., Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Robert and Mary Ann Cummings, 15.

In Charlestown, 11th inst., Georgianna Chase, 4 years 4 months; Edward W. Little, 30; Mrs. Susanna Locke, 57.

In Norwich, Ct., 31st ult., Mr. Lewis Raymond, 29.

In Providence, 8th inst., Capt. William Pratt, of ship Floridian, of New York, formerly of Essex, Ct., 47.

In Roxbury, 3d inst., Isaac P. Townsend, Esq., 62.

In Rutland, 8th inst., Mrs. Eunice, wife of Mr. John Carter, formerly of Leominster, 68.

In Cambridge, very suddenly, on the 8th inst., Joshua Sawin, an upright, highly esteemed and much respected citizen, 70.

In Uxbridge, after a lingering illness of two years, Mr. Amasa Dudley, 54.

In Worcester, Nov. 3d, Sarah J., daughter of Mr. Leonard White, 5 years.

In Haverhill, Mr. Henry S., son of Mr Ezekiel Goodrich, aged 23—Mr. G. was an enterprising carpenter, who had large contracts for many hundred doors and work for buildings going up in the new city. He injured his hand with a circular saw and lockjaw ensued.

DR. H. J. MARTIN, SURGEON DENTIST, No 15 Summer street, has REDUCED HIS PRICES for whole sets of Mineral Teeth, with or without gums, from $175 to $125 and so in proportion for all other operations. He trusts that in thus offering as high a perfection of the dental art, as has been attained to, and at so great a reduction, he may meet with a liberal encouragement. Dr. M. manufactures the teeth, and executes all the mechanical part, and refers the public to most of the Medical faculty, as well as to many of our most esteemed clergymen and citizens. is3m n21

GATES'S ACADEMY, MARLBORO'. The next term of this Institution will commence on Tuesday, Dec. 1st.

Students can be accommodated in the family of the Preceptor, for $27 per term.

n21 2w O. W. ALBEE, Preceptor.

WILLIS'S SACRED POEMS. Sacred Poems, by N. P. Willis, an elegant miniature vol.

Just published and for sale by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 118 Washington st. is3t n21

THE UNITARIAN ANNUAL REGISTER, for 1847. Now ready, the Unitarian Annual Register, for 1847, edited by Rev. A. A. Livermore; price 12 cents. A liberal discount will be allowed to clergymen and others who may buy for distribution or sale among their people. CROSBY & NICHOLS, Publishers, 118 Washington st. is3t n21

FIVE HUNDRED SKELETONS OF SERMONS. Five Hundred Sketches and Skeletons of Sermons, suited for all occasions, including nearly one hundred types and metaphors by the author of the Pulpit Cyclopedia; 1 vol 8vo.

Just received by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 118 Washington st. is3t n21

PEIRCE'S INTEGRAL CALCULUS. An Elementary Treatise on Curves, Functions and Forces, Volume 2d, containing Calculus of Imaginary Quantities, Residual Calculus, and Integral Calculus, by Benjamin Peirce, A. M., Perkins Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in Harvard University; 1 vol 12mo, plates, pp290.

"This volume is marked with almost every excellence that can be sought in a work of the kind. In beauty and compactness of symbols, in terseness and simplicity of style, in vigor and originality of thought, and in happy selections of lines of investigation, it equals the first volume; as high praise as we could bestow." [Ch. Examiner.

Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington, opposite School street. n14

SOAP STONE QUARRY, AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS. The subscriber is now opening at Blandford, a valuable and extensive Quarry of Soap Stone, which is superior to any other substance for lining Stoves, Furnaces and Fire Places. The fire has no effect upon it. From four to six tons of the stone is at the Depot of the Western Railroad at Russell, where it may be examined and purchased.

I am also making Machines for Straw Cutting, and offer them for sale, at my shop in Blandford. This machine may be seen and also purchased at Bagg & Parson's Agricultural Store in Springfield.

JOHN OSBORN.
Blandford, Oct 17, 1846. ft

MR. CRONIN,

PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGICAL ELOCUTION, NOW IN BOSTON,

may be communicated with through the office of this paper. 1m o24

PEOPLE'S JOURNAL, for October, contains articles by the Howitts, Miss Martineau, Elihu Burritt, Mrs Child, Chorley and others. Also, a Portrait of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, with a Memoir of Mary Howitt.

Just received, with a supply of all the back numbers, by CROSBY & NICHOLS, Agents for the Publishers, 118 Washington st. is3t n14

SANDWICH ISLANDS. Scenes and Scenery in Sandwich Islands, and a Trip through Central America; being observations from my Log Book during the years 1837–1842; by James Jackson Jarvis, author of History of Sandwich Islands, Member of the American Oriental Society, &c. &c. Embellished with a Map and Plates; 1 vol 12mo.

Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. n7

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY S. G. SIMPKINS, 94 Washington street.

Selections from the Writings of Fenelon, by Mrs. Follen, fifth edition.

Fenelon's Thoughts on Spiritual Subjects, with a likeness of Fenelon.

American Harp, a collection of Church Music, by Charles Zeuner.

The Savior's Life, written for children.

Trimmer's Natural History, with 200 engravings.

Willie Rogers, or Temper improved; by Miss Abbot.

Tamed and Untamed, with other Stories for children, by the author of Willie Rogers.

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Poetry for Home and School, second edition, parts 1 and 2, in 1 vol.

Follen's German Grammar, tenth edition.

Follen's German Reader, ninth edition.

Folsom's Livy.

Chancel Hymn Book.

The Worcester Catechism.

Private Devotion. o24

SPINAL INSTITUTION,

FOR THE TREATMENT OF

DISEASED AND DEFORMED SPINES,

AND

LAMENESS IN GENERAL.

THERE is no practitioner in this country, who has had as great an amount of experience in this peculiar branch of the healing art as DR. HEWETT;—or whose efforts have been crowned with such universal success. The reason of this, may in a great measure, be attributed to his having confined his practice to this one class of diseases exclusively, and the results of 22 years experience warrants this assertion. He has published a Pamphlet and circulars (which he will send to any one requesting the same, by letter postage paid) containing 1000 certificates from the most respectable individuals, of remarkable cures of diseased and deformed spines, hip diseases, sciatic affections, diseased knees, scrofulous affection of the joints, or white swellings, paralytic complaints, neuralgia or tic-doloreux, dropsy in the knees, and all diseases peculiar to the joints, muscles and bones, and of the success in reducing dislocations, and simple or compound fractures.

Dr. H's method of treating the diseases above referred to, being considered by the Faculty, an innovation upon the old and long established medical rules, and his unprecedented success having furnished undeniable evidence of his skill, his enemies have circulated the grossest falsehoods concerning his professional ability, and his capacity to effect cures which are certified to by persons of undeniable integrity. It is not at all strange that those attempting to rival him should resort to this base and unprincipled method of destroying his professional character; for he is daily curing and relieving those who have been given up by the most skilful and surgical practitioners the country affords. The surest evidence of skill is success.

He has, in spite of all the efforts made to calumniate him, some of his numerous patients brought to him, from a distance over 400 miles, on beds, who have not for months moved without assistance, and whose testimony after recovery, must be received as more than sufficient to outweigh the inuendoes and sarcasm of those who have long looked upon his advancement with a jealous hatred.

In addition to his present mode of treatment he has, in peculiar cases resorted to HYDROPATHY, or the use of COLD WATER, with the happiest results—not however with a strict adherence to the method adopted by those who practice it exclusively, but modified in such a manner as to receive all its good effects without conflicting with his long established mode of treatment. Hydropathy, or the Water Cure, as practiced by Preissnitz, the founder of it, cannot, in Dr. H's opinion, be productive in this country of the good ascribed to it, when carried to such extremes as may be daily witnessed, owing, in part, to the great difference in physical habits existing between the Germans and the Americans. It is the opinion of Dr. H. that the system as practised in the Institutions for Hydropathic treatment in this country cannot outlive three years.

TO THOSE WHO CANNOT PLACE THEMSELVES under his immediate superintendence, but wish to apply his medicines at home, he would say, that every particular relating to their complaint must be accurately furnished. Dr. H's dependence on ultimate success is founded on treating diseases *personally*. He has been induced, from the great number of his patients, to take the large and commodious house adjoining his own, where they can be accommodated with good rooms and board, at low prices. All kinds of Medicines used in his practice, including Spinal, Rheumatic, Nerve and Bone Liniments, are for sale at his Rooms, No. 14 Summer street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. H's *dependence* in performing his cures, is on external and internal applications.

P. S. Any person doubting the authenticity of the Certificates, can satisfy themselves by addressing the signers of them—and any one wishing the certificates can procure them by addressing Dr. H., post paid, or sending to his rooms. Persons wishing to consult Dr. H., will please call between the hours of 8 A. M. and 3 P. M.

N. B. Dr. H. makes no charge for consultation, and his fees for each will never exceed $1. People in low circumstances from 50 to 75 cents, and those who are unable to pay, he attends gratis.

P. S. There are no persons in the New England States who have any knowledge of Dr. H's practice or medicines. Any persons professing to have such are impostors. S. C. HEWETT, 14 Summer street.

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JACOBS'

Linen and House Furnishing Establishment.

BENJAMIN & E. JACOBS, No. 35 Tremont Row, a few doors North of Tremont House, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive variety of every description of Linen Goods and Housekeeping Articles of their own importation, which are all warranted of the very best fabrics, particularly the Linen Goods, being perfectly free from all admixture

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

TO MY YOUNG SISTER DURING A THUNDER STORM.

Thine arm is round me, sister, and thy sobs are almost hushed,
And the tear-drop, starting in thy eye, from the drooping lid is brushed,
And thy face is upward turned to mine, and thy smile breaks forth again,
As the first beam 'mong parting clouds, when past the summer rain.

Thy heart is pressed to mine, Sis, and its pulses' rapid beat,
Have yielded to their instinct, my calmer ones to meet,
As a lyre strung in unison gives forth a kindred note,
When the sweet tone of another lyre, upon the air doth float.

Oh would, my darling sister, my arm could have the power
To shield thee from each darkening cloud which o'er thy life may lower;
Would that no tempest of thy soul could ever higher swell
Than such as I could charm away with my deep love's magic spell.

But believe with me, my sister, there are guardian spirits near,
Whose mission is the pure in heart to succor and to cheer,
That the gleam of quiet happiness, which lightens up thy brow,
Is reflected from the angel who stands beside thee now.

CORNELIA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Register.

REMINISCENCES OF MY EARLY HOME.

I sometimes indulge myself in the sad pleasure of looking back to the time and the scene of my early childhood. It is now about a quarter of a century since I left my father's fireside for the purpose of learning a trade in a distant town.—The changes that have taken place during that time in the somewhat retired neighborhood that gave me birth, frequently remind me of the uncertainties connected with all human things—changes, sometimes sudden, but generally gradual; so gradual, as perhaps hardly to leave an impression on the minds of those in whose daily presence they have occurred. I feel it profitable to my own spirit to think of these things often. I always enjoy it. The recollections and reflections that are awakened, soothe my mind in its more restless and perturbed states. Perhaps, it may not be less profitable to my reader, if haply these humble lines should be honored with a reader, to have his thoughts turned for a few moments in the same direction, and follow me in a ramble through the neighborhood in which I have passed my earliest years. Perhaps some may recognize the place, it would be useless to give it a name. The persons and facts are realities.

Let me then take the hand of the kind reader, and guide his flight to the scene of our reminiscences. We will alight on the — no! it is not here. The "Haunted Rock" has felt the destroying hand of some modern vandal; its lonely head has disappeared. Well, farewell to it.—I had no great affection for it in my younger days, when obliged to pass that way in the evening, I generally hastened by, feeling an unusual beating of the heart while in its neighborhood. But I miss it now, and something is gone which was necessary in the complete picture of home. The first house that we come to was occupied by John L., a cooper and farmer. He has been dead many years; but his widow, the nurse of my infancy, still lives there. The next house was and is occupied by a brother of the preceding, in whose family perhaps, less change has occurred than is experienced in most. The father and mother still live, and four of their five children; they are all married and settled down within a stone's throw of their parents, and one of them is a grandfather. That aged father of this family was a cooper and farmer, like his brother. The old shop stood here by the road, a large horseblock in front of it, and a loc ust tree overhadowing that. These are all gone. But there are the old beehives yet, and their memory is sweet to me. Often have I partaken in olden times of the luscious treasures deposited therein by their industrious mates who were never wont to

"Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower,"

without knowing for whose use it should be appropriated.

Here on the left, in this red house, time and ruin (blessings on them!) have washed off the red—I was born and passed my first three or four years. I have but one recollection of life in this house; it is that of sitting with my mother at that south window in the front room, and *looking at* a violent gale of wind, which blew dow a shed in the rear of the house, and which I remember was afterwards spoken of for many years as "The Hurricane." You perceive that most of the houses here at "The Corner," are newish; but two or three are as old as my memory. The "toll house" stood here on the left. Let us pass over to that stone house on the hill yonder, it was the house of my youth, if it could speak, it might tell many a tale of the pranks of my early days. Here was born the greater part of the band of thirteen children to which I belong, only two of whom have been called away; one in infancy, and the other, our youngest brother, not till a numerous family called him father, and he had long stood a pillar of the Methodist Church with which he was connected, and had won a name for piety and gentle zeal, that will long be held in sweet remembrance by his brethren and neighbors. The survivors are widely scattered. Almost every thing around the house also is changed. The stately pine, that stood on the brink of the sand pit across the road, through which the breeze discoursed its sometimes sad, sometimes lively melodies, is hardly remembered by the present dwellers here. The rock in front of the house is unchanged, except that it has strangely diminished in size. There is the same patch of earth on the top, and the same smaller patch on the sloping South side; but Eliza's flowers, that once smiled there, are absent. There is the same grape vine at the East end of the rock, and I dare say it yet yields an abundant crop of luscious fruit. I wonder whether that whippoorwill still visits the place, who used in the mellow summer evenings to flit about so spirit-like, alighting upon the rock and pouring forth from a full heart into my heart a cheerful song of praise and thanksgiving. Off there at the North-east corner of the swamp, after summer showers, the left foot of the rainbow would shine against the woods, thus linking the heavenly glory with the beautiful of earth. So seem those beautiful spirits, who are more of heaven than of earth, to connect the two worlds. Some forty or fifty rods to the South-east, in that tangled bramble swamp, a little rattling rivulet came leaping down a rocky precipice of a few feet, overhung by spreading grape vine, imaging to my young mind the Niagara and Trenton, of distant regions, and in the warm, quiet May evenings, lulling my spirit with its delightful harmonies. And farther off, following the "turnpike," among those wild rocky roads, I dare say we could find in the early autumn, bushels of the delicious high blackberry; at least, I have often feasted there in the olden time, and left the ground almost ready to weep at the waste of so much fine fruit, which I could not carry away. I should like to walk with you, kind reader, through the pasture, to "Aaron's Plain," to the Pine Woods, and round through the "Whortleberry Plain," which places are endeared to me by many pleasant associations—but time presses. So return we to "The Corner," and turn up this road to the South, keeping at a safe distance from that red store, men and boys were made drunkards there in the days when people knew not that it was wrong to brutify their brethren, when professing Christians could make paupers, maniacs and devils of their neighbors, and benevolently pay a portion of the wages of such business for the support of missionaries to carry the light of the gospel of love to the wicked heathen. But thanks to the spread of light and growth of love in the human heart, such things are of course unknown at the present day; and no doubt that the red store is now famed for the ultra temperance principles on which it is conducted; and, assuredly, the young are not now enticed, nor the old driven, by treats, and sneers, and ridicule, to cast themselves into the seven times heated furnace of intemperance—Oh no! Men know and feel and do better now. So in full confidence that all is right, we will pass on.

But stop a moment, I had almost forgotten to introduce the former toll-keeper, Thomas S.—He was a genius. The first I knew of him he was a teamster for Jeremy G., a man who came from the city to an adjoining town a few years before, built a large house, spent money freely, became a sot, and recently, I believe, died in the poorhouse! My earliest recollection of Thomas was meeting and riding with him on the turnpike, he singing at the top of his voice the delightful words,

"On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below," &c.

He passed through various experiences, became a shoemaker, then toll-keeper—married—and after a few years bought the book of some then new system of medicine, set up for a doctor, made pills, purchased a horse and buggy, drove like Jehu about all the neighboring towns to attend his patients, not one of them, I believe, died under his care. This remarkable success however, was shrewdly guessed to be owing less to the skill of the doctor than to the good sense of the sick,—those who actually needed medicine very generally choosing to take the advice of the old-fashioned practitioners, or at least, of some one who was supposed to know something of the physiology of man. But, take Thomas' word for it, and all the "regulars" were used up—their patients were all leaving them. He had so many calls that he could not attend to them all, he was wearing himself out, he had no rest. Chronic diseases had to knock under to his medicines. Mrs. A., at the other end of the town; Mrs. B., up in "Hardscrabble;" Mrs. C., of "Pine Hill;" and the oldest child of Capt. D., who lived in the East Parish of H—— all of whom "had been under the care of the most eminent physicians" of the old school ever so many years "without receiving the least benefit," were all raised from the borders of the grave by the magical power of the new medicine. In fine, any amount of testimony could be obtained to the skill of the doctor and the efficacy of the medicine, if you would take the trouble to go half a day's journey into some obscure and unknown region to inquire. At length, from some cause, I forget what, he sought a new field of labor. Whether his professional services are as well appreciated there I know not. But I am confident no want of success can result from a lack of that indomitable forwardness which usually accompanies a very liberal share of self-esteem. If any laudation of himself was needed, there was not the slightest amount of bashfulness or modesty to hinder his going ahead. And ahead he doubtless went, but whether in any sense advantageous to himself or the world, must be decided by some one better acquainted with his recent history.

In this ancient house on the left, lived the old tax-gatherer and constable, Matthew P. —hight "Uncle Marthy" by the old as well as young in the neighborhood. In old age he and his wife were called hence,—and the old house in which they lived seem as though it also were about to depart. Here on the right lived a son of Uncle Marthy, known by the mellifluous diminutive "Marth." His life was cut short by a free use of the infernal "fire-water." Two brothers of his were at one time—I may say several times in the case of one of them, besotted by the same cause; but they have been enabled to overcome the tempter, and are now, I believe, sober men. One of them, alarmed at the foulness of the horrible pit into which he was fast sinking, endeavored to arrest his downward course by taking a medicine prepared for such cases, which, it was supposed, would forever destroy the appetite for ardent spirits. This medicine was much in use some years ago; and in many cases was effectual, at least for a sufficient time to enable the falling ones to regain firm ground. In the case I speak of, however, the man had too little moral power to bear up against the pressure of that *red shop*, with all its enginery for example, and jeers, and laughter. He fell again. But the efforts of the friends of temperance have put in motion a power stronger than the red shop, and he now rejoices in his freedom. May he ever continue thus.

Further on, in this old house with the shoemaker's shop at the South end, still lives 'Nezer P., a quiet, easy man, whom, apparently, none of the evils of life ever could annoy. If we see him, he will be sucking an old black pipe, that looks as old as himself—at least, I do not remember ever to have seen him without that instrument of comfort.

This house around the bend of the road, set in between two ledges of rock,—I cannot approach it without a feeling of sadness; and yet, in and around it were spent many of the happy hours of my early boyhood. Here lived "Uncle Isaac"—so he was called by all—and my two most intimate friends and playmates of that period, Micha and John P., were his sons. From about my fourth to my seventh or eighth year, I lived in that once red house at the top of the hill at the left. In the day time we played about the rocks, climbing that large boulder on the North of the house; wading, sailing shingle boats, catching leeches, &c., in the ditch at the foot of the precipitous West side of the ledge; wakening he echo that lodged in the barn; playing with the balls that dropped from the tall button woods in front of the house: and in the appropriate season, ranging the pastures and woods for the various berries and wild grapes. The evening frequently found us around the large kitchen fire-place, or seated on a block *in* it, amusing ourselves playing checkers, fox and geese, hull-gull, &c. &c. About midway between our houses, where that shoemaker's shop now stands, there then stood an ash tree; and as we were rather timorous, Mich and John used to accompany us (my oldest brother and myself) so far when our evening visit ended, and then we would all run for home at the top of our speed.

I often think, even now, with veneration of the good mother of these boys. That gentle rubbing of my head, when I had bumped it by rising to hastily in the chimney corner—I feel its soothing influence at this moment! I have no recollection of her that does not speak of her sweet Christian gentleness and love. Whoever knew her, respected and loved her. She was not a woman fitted to labor in a large sphere; but in her own appropriate circle she did what she could—and very few could do it better.—Years after her death, I remembered to have heard Jim White say, that she was the only Christian he ever knew. Had Jim known only such, he would not have been the inveterate sot he was. But in the midst of a life made useful by the holy influences which she shed around, and at a time when her children seemed especially to demand the counsel of her wise love, He, the All-seeing and All-loving, called her to the spirit world. There is no time, perhaps, when a greater exercise of faith in the wisdom and love of God is called for, than when such persons, so much needed in this world, are taken from the family to whose well-being their presence seems indispensable. But "Thy will be done!" is the fitting sentiment for ignorant and erring beings like us.

This family consisted, at that time, of nine persons. Not one of them now remains! The mother and three daughters were first called, then Micah, John, James and Isaac. All these, I believe, died of consumption. Then stood that sad father, who had seen, one after the other, every member of his family sink into the grave,—alone! alone! Who can appreciate the feelings of that desolate old man? How few, in such circumstances, could turn their tearful eyes to heaven, submissive to the will of the Father, trusting that *love* is the mainspring of all his dispensations!

The last time I saw John, I was on a visit to my early home, near the close of my apprenticeship. He was returning from a military training, dressed in the uniform of his company.—Had I been called to select the stoutest, healthiest youth from among my friends, I do not remember one more likely to have been chosen.—But, alas, for the uncertainties of human life and prospects! I returned to my apprentice home—in a few weeks a letter informed me that John had been sick—was dead, and buried.

I said just now that a few of my early years were spent in that red house up the hill. An incident occurred here, illustrating the passion of envy or jealousy. One summer, Mr. H., who lived in the same house, had a pig much larger and fatter than ours; this fact so irritated me one day that I caught up a stone and threw it with all my strength at the offending swine of neighbor H.; but my young arm was not very mighty, the hog didn't suffer so much as I did when Mrs. H., who had seen the act, opened the door and gently reproved me.

This small house, further on opposite to "Pipe Rock," is sacred in my memory, from the fact that it was the residence of my parents at the time of their death. My mother died after long enduring a very painful disease; my father was taken suddenly, while at work alone, a short distance from home, and was not found till several hours, apparently, after the angel of death had introduced him to the realities of the spirit life. In this, his exit resembled that of his father; who, at about the same age, was found dead in his bed, to which he had retired in seeming health. The place on which my father was at work when he died, was one that he had purchased a few years before in a very rough condition; but with some hard labor, by draining and digging out old stumps, he had succeeded in reclaiming a considerable portion of it: and the last time I saw him there, he was grafting a few apple trees which he had planted. He said then, that as he was getting old there was little probability that he would ever eat the fruit of those trees; but if he were certain he should not, he still would take none the less satisfaction in making these improvements. This unselfish sentiment is too rare in the world.—How often do we hear the reverse sentiment expressed, by persons too who pass for worthy members of society. "I care nothing about it, it will do me no good—or harm," is acted, if not stated in words.

In the next house lived John N., a man whose character was compounded of as many opposites as you will often see brought together in the same individual. In religion, bigotedly liberal; in business a benevolent skin-flint, a stingy spendthrift. His wife was a believer in the hardest, sternest form of Calvinism, with but little charity for those she supposed to be in error or sin—these terms were with her synonymous. Though she could be kind to those who walked in the same narrow path with herself, yet even to these, when they displeased her, she manifested an inextinguishable bitterness. To her husband, I think I may safely say, I never heard her speak a pleasant word. When she spoke to him, there was usually a bitter acerbity of tone and manner, as uncongenial with conjugal love as inconsistent with Christian charity. But in this course of life I believe she was strictly conscientious. Her naturally unloving spirit was excited and irritated by contact and conflict with what she deemed the heresies of her husband. Peace to their ashes! they have long since departed this life, and gone where the beauty of love and the folly of strife are more clearly revealed to them.

In the next house, with the shoemaker's shop in front, lived my uncle, Jacob P. He met death many years ago, without a moment's warning, by an accidental stroke from a lever while at work. He never breathed after the blow.

Here, a few rods further on, is the neat, two-story, white painted school house, the successor of the more humble long, low, black building, in which I learned to read and write, with a little arithmetic and geography. The mysteries of grammar were for me always too deeply obscured by the terms used to explain them; and all my endeavors to catch the pluperfect and preterpluperfect, the nominative, possessive and objective; the sublime richness of the everlasting "common noun, neuter gender, third person, singular, and agrees with," &c., &c., which, in the parrot tones of the glib parser, still rings in my ear,—ended in utter failure. In the olden time, the school house stood further on, just above the mill-pond, made by flowing the meadow above those rocks, which formed a sort of natural dam. This pond was the scene of many a frolic of the scholars. Skating by those who had skates; sliding by those, including myself, who possessed an abundant share of the blessing called poverty, and could not command the skates; coasting down the hills that border the pond; drawing the dear little lasses in sleds on the ice, &c. The ice on this pond should have been held responsible for many of the tardinesses, for which we the scholars had to suffer the penalty. There it lay, smiling so invitingly, it had such a willing, tempting look, that few of the schoolboys could pass without giving expression to the affectionate regard which they felt for it, by running and sliding across its glassy surface just once; and sometimes, alas for the weakness of the boys or the strength of the temptation, twice, thrice, and even for half an hour after the school began, would the sport continue. But there was usually an afterpiece to this play, of a rather graver character, which can probably be imagined by the reader. I have sometimes made my young friends stare with incredulity, by declaring, what is strictly true, that I never witnessed in our school any combination to annoy or resist the teacher. It is true there were individual cases of stubbornness, but they met with no sympathy, and were always subdued.

The old mill stood at the north west corner of the pond, close to that ancient unpainted house. The good old miller is still alive, and more active than many a younger man. We are now upon what is to me holy ground. Whenever I approach it, I am filled with emotions of a deep yet sweet sadness. The cherished remembrances which throng me, are associated with the angel-daughter of the miller. She was one of those beautiful spirits who seem born to scatter light and love around their pathway, but who are so often the chosen victims of consumption, just as their souls are expanding with richest promise. I was with her many days while she was fading and withering away, and witnessed the serenity of her loving and trusting spirit at the rapid approach of death—death, who so often terrifies those whom he is sent to introduce into a truer life. She believed that she was in the hands of Infinite Love and Goodness, as well as of Infinite Power; and she felt that the love which dwelt in and filled her own soul, was in unison with that which in Jesus connected the holy of earth with the Infinite holiness of heaven. Pure spirit! while thou art expanding in the celestial light, and drinking from the overflowing fountains of Wisdom and Love, art thou not sometimes present with those who cherish thy memory on the earth! In those experiences of exceeding peace which sometimes visit us, does not thy sweet presence heighten our joy! Is not thy thought mingling with ours, in our earnest aspirations for the purity which dwells in all heavenly souls! It is! it is!

Gentle reader! I fear these wandering details and reflections do not interest thee as they have me. Farewell! M. P.

THE "CAMEL" AND THE "NEEDLE'S EYE." Lord Nugent, in his recent publication, "Lands, Classical and Sacred," has given an application of the words which at once proves the fitness of the expression for the object our Savior had in view. Lord Nugent describes himself as about to walk out of Hebron through the large gate, when his companions, seeing a train of camels approaching, desired him to go through "the eye of the needle;" in other words the small side gate. This his lordship conceives to be a common expression, and explanatory to our Savior's words; for, he adds, the sumpter camel cannot pass through, unless with great difficulty, and stripped of his load, his trappings, and his merchandise.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY. The monthly meeting of the board was held yesterday afternoon, vice president Stuyvesant presiding. A portion of the Scriptures having been read by the Rev. Dr. Levings, the several secretaries read the proceedings of the various committees during the past month. Eleven auxiliaries were recognized. The receipts during the month were $13,290, and the issues of copies of the Scriptures were seventy-seven thousand and forty-four. This, we believe, is the largest number ever issued in one month. [N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON. In an imaginary conversation between Petrarch and Boccaccio, from the pen of Walter Landor, there is the following passage:

"The damps of autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of the fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity to life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows."

THE BOSTON ALMANAC, for 1847, by S. N. DICKINSON, will be published at an early day in December. The Directory to the Business People of Boston, will be thoroughly prepared, and inserted at greater length than usual. As the business of the city increases, this department of our Almanac grows with it. In the number now coming out, there will be a series of DIAGRAMS representing the various RAILROADS diverging from Boston, with historical sketches of each. These diagrams or maps have been prepared at some considerable expense, and will, together with the Business Directory, form the principal features to the Almanac for 1847. The usual quantity of Miscellaneous Matter will be found in its pages. The covers will be illuminated with some choice specimens of Printing, and the fine large Map of Boston, will be bound up in the volume.
Orders may be sent to Mr B. B. MUSSEY, 29 Cornhill, and to Mr THOMAS GROOM, 82 State st., or to the Proprietor, S. N. DICKINSON, 52 Washington street. 2wis4os o31

MARRIED LIFE, NEW EDITION. CROSBY & NICHOLS, have in press and will publish in a week or ten days, a new edition of Married Life, by Eliza Lee Follen.
Also, a second series of Nursery Songs, by the same author.
They have for sale a few copies Poems, by the author of Married Life, &c. Also, a Memoir of Charles Follen, by the same.
CROSBY & NICHOLS,
o17 is3tostf 118 Washington st.

THE UNITARIAN, NO. 6.—The Unitarian and Foreign Religious Miscellany, devoted to the explanation and defence of the principles of Unitarian Christians, edited by Rev. Geo. E. Ellis. Contents of No. 6. The Literary History of the New Testament; Extracts from German Journals; Renunciation of Orthodoxy; Gleanings Regarding Ronge; Controversy on National Education; Call of Abraham; The Oxford Converts to Popery; American Slavery; The Evangelical Alliance; Elevation of Trinitarianism; The Mosaic Constitution.
Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & Co. Price $1.00 a year, 134 Washington, opposite School street. o24

BRIGGS' COLLECTION.—Hymns for public worship containing a selection of six hundred and one Hymns, by Rev. Geo. W. Briggs, of Plymouth.
Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. o24.

Mechanical and Dental Surgery.

Teeth at Cost, until Jan. 1, 1847!

OFFICE, No. 266, opposite to No, 307, Washington Street,
CORNER OF AVON PLACE, BOSTON.

FOR the purpose of introducing more extensively in many important respects, an entire new mode of preparing and mounting Mineral Teeth on plate, the merits of which, it is confidently believed will be found to greatly exceed the usual method of preparing them, the subscriber has been induced to offer such terms, for a limited time, as will not only give to the public generally an opportunity of testing the practical value of his theory, but will offer a rare opportunity for the poorer classes, whose means are too limited to pay the usual price demanded. The new principle is not only applicable to small cases of two or more teeth, but it is peculiarly and *especially* adapted to whole and half sets, where the alveolar or dental ridge has become uneven or irregular by the absorbing of some parts more than others. In all such cases it will be readily seen by an examination of the jaw, that *carved* work in blocks, prepared expressly for each case, is necessary, for restoring that which has been removed by absorption and for bringing out the cheeks and lips to their natural and uniform fullness. The difficulties to be overcome in whole and half sets, so far as the proper form is concerned, are thus fully met by this mode, and it is not possible to accomplish it so perfectly by any other means. It is the want of this ingeniously wrought block-work, to remedy the defects above referred to, that so many are unsuccessful in giving satisfaction in their plate work,—especially in whole and half sets. Another advantage of carved work,—and one of great importance too, is its cleanliness. Unless the teeth are moulded to fit the plate in the most perfect manner, the fine particles of masticated food, with the liquors of the mouth, will, as a matter of course, pass between the teeth and the plate; and after being retained there a few days, it being impossible to remove them, will invariably become offensive and taint the breath. Another advantage of paramount importance which the carved work has over that of single teeth, is, its perfect articulation. Each tooth should meet its opposite in the most exact manner in masticating food; otherwise the whole work will prove a source of continual annoyance, only known to those who have worn them. There are other advantages in this style of work, that can only be understood and appreciated by an examination of specimens that may be seen at the subscriber's office, which the public are respectfully invited to examine for themselves. They consist of whole and half sets; and a variety of cases of smaller magnitude, where great difficulty is overcome. They cannot fail to excite admiration from all who are pleased with close imitations of nature, and would inspire a confidence in their merits that the wearing of them would only tend to strengthen.

TERMS.

Up to Jan. 1, 1847, the following terms will be strictly observed for all cases of plate work from a single tooth to a whole set, viz: When a fit and finish of the work are produced, to the satisfaction of the person for whom they were made, the charge will be simply the cost of the materials used in their construction, which will be less than one half the price usually paid; and after wearing them six months, if perfect satisfaction is not then given, the teeth may be returned, and the amount paid for them will be refunded. Old plate work that has been worn with much inconvenience, will be exchanged for new on paying a small difference. All other branches of Dentistry, such as Filling, Setting on Pivot, Cleansing, Polishing, Regulating, Killing Nerves, Extracting, &c, will be attended to in the most thorough, faithful, and scientific manner, and on the following terms, viz.—For filling common sized cavities with gold, $1; for other kinds of Filling, from 50 cents to $1; For setting on gold pivot, $2; For Cleansing, $1; Extracting 25 cents. Examinations and advise gratis. All operations warranted.
Carved work in block for whole and half sets will be got up for other Dentists on reasonable terms.
S. STOCKING, *Surgeon Dentist.*
July 29, 1846. 6m

KENDALL P. SAUNDERS,
No. 432 WASHINGTON STREET....BOSTON,
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VARIETY
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REFRIGERATORS,
OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY,
And warrants them equal, if not superior to any made in the State, and are stuffed with Pulverized Charcoal.
WILLOW CARRIAGES, CRADLES, BASKETS AND CHAIRS.
—ALSO, A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF—
Wooden, Tin, Japaned, and Britannia Ware, with every article for furnishing families commencing Housekeeping, and others in want, at as reasonable prices as any store in the city, or country, with a general assortment of Fancy Baskets and other Goods.
☞ All Goods warranted and sent to any part of the city free of expense. 1tis12os o10

DR. J. H. LANE,
NO. 170 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,
DEVOTES PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO
DISEASES OF THE THROAT, (BRONCITIS &c.) AND THEIR CURE,
ACCORDING TO THE
NEW METHOD OF TREATMENT,
o8ly Office Hour, 2½ o'clock P. M. o24

BOARDING SCHOOL AT CONCORD, MASS. The academic year in the subscriber's School is divided into three terms of fifteen weeks each, commencing on the first Mondays of January, May and September. The School is a private Academy, limited in number, and receives the undivided attention of its teachers. Every effort is made to render the School and family *pleasant* and *profitable* to the pupils;—the course of instruction embraces the branches of a thorough English and classical education.
Terms $3,00 per week, including instruction, board, washing, &c.
Reference is permitted to the following gentlemen in Boston:—Samuel Greele, F. O. Watts, Francis Fisher, W. W. Clapp, Joseph Breck, George Howe, J. L. L. F. Warren, Levi Parker, Wm. J. Adams, Wm. D. Swan and David Reed; Drs. A. Ball, John Homans, J. V. C. Smith, and Rev. F. D. Huntington; Dr. Edward Jarvis of Dorchester, and Hon. Samuel Hoar and Joseph Barrett Esq. of Concord.
CHARLES W. GOODNOW.
Concord, Mass., Jan. 15, 1845. ostf j24

Barrey & Bigelow,
MANUFACTURERS, Importers, and Wholesale Dealers in PAPER HANGINGS, BORDERS, WINDOW SHADES, and CHIMNEY PRINTS, of every description.
—ALSO—
EMBOSSERS OF PAPER.
Ware Rooms, 31 Federal street, up stairs.
J. M. BARREY. J. R. BIGELOW.
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DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION,
AND OFFICE OF
Rev. CHARLES BRIGGS, GEN. SECRETARY,
AT
CROSBY & NICHOLS
118 Washington street, Boston.
C. & N. have for sale all the publications of the A. U. A. A liberal discount made to those who buy to distribution. jan17

WILLIAM BELL,
56 *Court street, head of Bratlle street, and* 62 *Tremont street, near the Whig Reading Room, BOSTON.*
MANUFACTURER OF
Solid Leather, Boot Top, Fancy and Common
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.
—ALSO,—
LADIES' BONNET AND DRESS TRUNKS.
Trunks Repaired at Short Notice.
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S. D. CUNNINGHAM,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Manufacturer's Agent for the Sale of
Boots, Shoes, Leather, &c.
NO. 10 RAILROAD BLOCK, LINCOLN ST.,
Opposite Worcester and Western Passenger Station, BOSTON.
☞ Dealers please call. STORAGE.
o8tm je6

JOHN S. BODEN,
SAIL MAKER,
COMMERCIAL STREET,
Head of Commercial Wharf, Boston.
☞ SAILS made on the most reasonable terms an warranted in all respects, at the shortest notice.
f18 o8ly

DENTISTRY.
Dr. Rufus E. Dixon,
SURGEON DENTIST,
NO. 7 WINTER STREET.
ag15 tf

NEW GOODS.

DANIELL & CO.,
201 Washington Street,

HAVING received our Fall supply of NEW GOODS, we would invite our customers and the public to call and examine our assortment, which is larger and better than at any previous season, and which will be sold at very low prices, and we pledge ourselves to always sell any article in our line as low as it can be found in the city.

DRESS SILKS.

We have a beautiful assortment of RICH COLORED SILKS for Dresses, of the newest patterns and styles.
BLACK SILKS, for Dresses and Mantillas, of the best color and finish.
BLUE BLACK SILKS that are warranted not to spot.

CASHMERES,
MOUSSELINE DE LAINES, ALPACCAS,
PLAIDS,
And every other kind of Dress Goods.

LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS.

In our Shawl Room will be found every variety of Long and Square Shawls, new patterns.

THIBET CLOTHS
OF EVERY DESIRABLE COLOR.

These Goods are from the best manufacturers, and warranted equal to any others in the city, as it regards fabric and color, being imported expressly for us.

EMBOSSED
PIANO AND CENTRE TABLE COVERS.

LINEN GOODS.

Our usual full supply of every kind of Linen Goods wanted for family use.

CLOAK GOODS,

Of all the new styles, particularly PLAIDS, in great variety.

MOURNING GOODS.

Black and Blue Black Silks, Bombazines, Alpaccas, M. de Laines, Crapes, Veils, and all other articles for Mourning.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

Blankets, Quilts, Linen Damasks, Cottons, Flannels.

EMBROIDERIES AND LACES.

In this department we have a choice selection of new and beautiful Embroideries and Laces, of the latest patterns.

We have spared no pains to have our stock as complete as possible, and are now ready to offer it at such exceedingly low prices that we feel sure that those who buy of us will be satisfied that our goods are cheap.

"ONE PRICE ONLY."
DANIELL & CO.,
201 WASHINGTON STREET.
o10 is&oseop3m

BATES' PATENT
Sliding Top Chamber Shower Bath

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he continues to manufacture and has on hand a large assortment of the above celebrated CHAMBER SHOWER BATHS; he will finish them to suit the taste of the purchaser. From numerous recommendations, the following are selected:

[From Dr John C. Warren, Hersey Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University.]

At the request of Mr Bates, I have examined his Chamber Shower Bath. It appears to me to be the most convenient portable shower bath I am acquainted with, for it is light, neat, and worked with very little trouble. This is an improvement which I am very glad to see, because I consider the external application of cold water to be a practice highly useful, and even important to most individuals.
The daily washing of the body serves to remove the cuticle which is constantly forming on the surface of the skin, and thus purifies it, and leaves its pores open for the discharge of those fluids which the preservation of health requires. Another great advantage is, that the sudden application of cold water in this mode to the suface of the body produces a bracing effect on the internal organs, particularly those of digestion.
The introduction of these baths into public hotels would be, in my humble opinion, one of the greatest additions to the comfort of travellers, and their general use in private families would add much to the health of our whole population. JOHN C. WARREN.
Boston, April 2, 1845.

[From Dr. Geo. Hayward, Professor of the principles of Clinical Surgery in Harvard University.

Sir,—Having seen in operation, and examined the Chamber Shower Bath of Mr Bates, I take great pleasure in expressing my approbation of it. Frequent bathing is so necessary to health and comfort, that I am glad an apparatus has been constructed by which a person can take a shower bath in his own chamber with very little inconvenience. The bath of Mr Bates I think well adapted to the end proposed, and hope it will come into extensive use. GEO. HAYWARD.
Boston, April 7, 1845.

[From Dr. J. W. F. Lane.]

Boston, March 1, 1845.

The functions of the digestive apparatus and of the skin are so intimately connected, that the disturbance of the former frequently results solely from impediments to the due discharge of the duties of the latter. From inattention to cleanliness of the whole surface of the body, and from a want of more frequent general ablution, the minute pores of the skin become blocked up, so that the proper evaporation can no longer take place. To obviate these difficulties, and the diseases originating from them, no measure is perhaps so well adapted as the shower bath, properly regulated.
The patent Bath of Mr Bates, manufactured by L. V. Badger, is an article not only well adapted to all the cleanly purposes of the body, but so combines neatness and elegance as to be an ornament to any chamber.—The day cannot be far distant, when it will be deemed as essential to furnish the dressing room with one of these, as it formerly was with the wash-basin, and the advantages to the health resulting from the change, will soon make themselves apparent.
J. W. F. LANE, M. D.

[From the Hon Harrison Gray Otis, Boston.]

Mr. L. V. Badger: Sir,—In reply to your note, I am quite ready to say, that I have used your Vapor Lamp, in connection with a chair and curtain, which was originally furnished with a spirit-burner, and that I prefer yours altogether, as it may be placed at a distance from the other apparatus with perfect safety.
I am respectfully yours, &c.
H. G. OTIS.

[From H. G. O. Colby, Judge C. C. P., New Bedford.]

Mr L. V. Badger: Sir,—I have used one of your Patent Shower Baths for nearly a year, and take much pleasure in recommending it to the public. After I had given it a fair trial, I was so impressed with its usefulness, that I took special pains to speak of it to persons of my acquaintance, many of whom have purchased the article, and recommend it in the highest terms. My family would be willing to part with many articles, which are commonly considered of prime necessity, rather than relinquish their shower bath. If every householder could be induced to purchase one, we should hear less of those terrible pulmonary complaints, which are the scourge of New England.

The following gentlemen have the Bath in use in their families;
Hon Peleg Sprague, Judge U. S. Court.
Hon Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice S. J. Court.
Hon Robert C. Winthrop, Member of Congress.
Hon John Quincy Adams, do do.
Hon Josiah Quincy, Jr., Mayor of Boston.
Rev Francis Parkman, Boston.
Professor Felton, Harvard College.
Dr John C. Warren, Boston.
Dr Winslow Lewis, Jr. do.
Dr John Homans, do.
Dr J. W. F. Lane, do.
Professor Greenleaf, Harvard College.
Charles Sumner, Esq., Boston.
Dr Wigglesworth, do.
Dr G. H. Lodge, do.
Rev John Pierpont, do.
Rev Samuel Barrett, do.
Lucius M. Sargent, Roxbury.

Also, Badger's Vapor Apparatus, to be used with or without the Shower Bath; Bathing Tubs and Pans; Roman Hip or Sitz Baths; Leg, Head, Feet, Arm and Elbow Bathing Vessels; Foot Tubs and Pneumatic Baths; Hair Mittens and Rubbers; Bathing Caps, &c. &c. L. V. BADGER, 49 Congress st.
ag29 3m

PROSPECTUS
OF A RELIGIOUS JOURNAL, ENTITLED
THE WESTERN EVANGELIST,
DEVOTED to the cause of Christianity in its most liberal, comprehensive, and rational form. Published at Buffalo, N. Y., and conducted by
REV. L. S. EVERETT.
TERMS.—The Terms of the Western Evangelist will be, invariably, Two Dollars a year, in advance; to which twenty-five cents will be added for every three months delay. a8

WANTED, to supply files, a few copies of the Christian Register of June 6th. Subscribers who have no further use for that number will do the publisher a favor by sending it, by mail, or otherwise, addressed to "Christian Register, Boston." jy11

BOARDING SCHOOL.—SANDWICH COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. The Fall Quarter will open on Monday, the 5th of October, under the continued charge of Mr. Wooster. Applications for admission, should be made as early as practicable.
F. FREEMAN.
Sandwich, Mass. Sept. 9, 1846. 4wis s19

WATERMAN'S
Kitchen Furnishing Rooms,
No. 83 & 85 Cornhill, 6 & 8 Brattle, and 73 Court Streets
☞ The place for all on the eve of Housekeeping to procure everything appertaining to the Kitchen department, at the lowest prices, and of the best quality, with catalogues to facilitate in making a judicious selection. The following seasonable articles will be found as above:
BOSTON BATHING PAN:
—AND—
PATENT PNEUMATIC SHOWER BATH!

Johnson's Patent Cream Freezers;
Refrigerators, best quality;
Wire Dish Covers;
Meat Safes, &c., &c
o24 jy6

GREENWOOD'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.—NEWLY STEREOTYPED EDITION. The subscribers have recently procured new stereotype plates of this popular collection of Sacred Poetry, now used of nearly all the Societies of the denomination, have just published the 44th Edition, to which an addition of over One Hundred Hymns has been made.
They have also published another Edition containing in addition to the Hymns embraced in supplementary pages, a SERVICE BOOK for the use of those Societies desiring to introduce this mode of worship.
Two separate editions will in future be issued—one with the text as heretofore, for use where this edition is used or desired, corresponding in all respects to the one now in use, with the addition above referred to, but on new type, and the other with the Service Book and Supplementary Hymns.
The additions have been made, with great care, by the Rev R. C. Waterston, Pastor of the Church of the Saviour, and are highly approved by those who have examined the work, since they were made.
It is believed that this arrangement will meet the views of the numerous friends of this excellent collection who were desirous that it should embrace many Hymns of high character, written since it was first published, and others, which were not before inserted.
The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz: King's Chapel, (Rev. Mr. Peabody;) Hollis Street Society, (Rev. Mr Foxdick;) New South Society (Rev. A. Young;) Federal street Society (Rev. Dr. Gannett;) Bulfinch st. Church (Rev. Frederick T. Gray;) Purchase street, (Rev. Mr. Co